

FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 23, 1970

THE CATHOLIC EXODUS:
Why Priests and Nuns Are Quitting

TIME

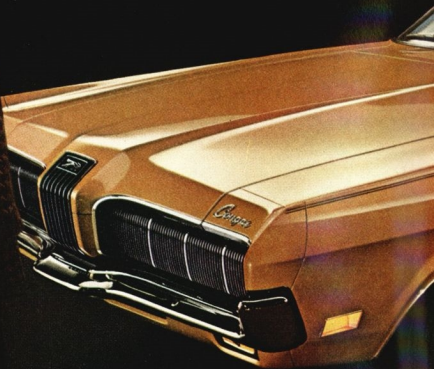


Anita Caspary



James Shannon

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Inside: deep, foam-padded, hi-back buckets in optional houndstooth check cloth and vinyl.

with a little something to match by Pauline Trigère.



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- 3. Nights:** as little as 35¢ on coast-to-coast calls.

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	Operator-handled calls	Dial-it-yourself calls	Your discount when you "dial it yourself"
Weekends 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	\$1.10 first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes	40¢ first 3 minutes
Evenings 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	\$1.10 first 3 minutes	85¢ first 3 minutes	25¢ first 3 minutes
Nights 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	\$1.10 minimum call (3 minutes)	35¢* minimum call (1 minute)	75¢ minimum call
Weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	\$1.70 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	35¢ first 3 minutes

Above rates (plus tax) are the maximum for the days, hours and durations indicated on coast-to-coast calls. Rates are even less, of course, on most out-of-state calls of lesser distances. Dial-it-yourself discount rates apply on most out-of-state calls dialed from residence and business phones anywhere in the continental U.S. except Alaska and on calls placed with an operator where direct dialing facilities are not available.

*Additional minutes are 20¢ each or less, depending on distance.

LETTERS

Reformed Emisionary

Sir: I have just read your superb and frightening article on Environment (Feb. 21), and you have certainly persuaded this now reformed emisionary to do all possible to convert our effluent society.

C. BENJAMIN GRAHAM, M.D.

Associate Professor

Radiology and Pediatrics
University of Washington
Seattle

Sir: TIME's cover story is a notable contribution to the great and belated public awakening. The message conveyed, however, is incomplete in one critical respect: the role of private institutions already in a position to act, and their need for the public's financial support. These bodies require money—big money—primarily to buy land to be set aside permanently for conservation uses. It is often a costly race against property speculators; unless we can win, all the publicity and good will are of little avail. Conservation is an infant among charities. It cannot grow to effective maturity until it obtains adequate financial support. Only upon this second awakening will conservation have a fighting chance.

BERNHARD

The Prince of The Netherlands
President

The World Wildlife
Fund International
Baarn, The Netherlands

Sir: The emphasis on environmental problems by our communications media signals the arrival of a fashionable new issue—one without political allegiance which everybody can embrace. But how long does an issue last? The example of gun control, after Robert Kennedy's assassination, shows how important issues can be quickly forgotten. One of the products of present concern and anxiety must be the natural acceptance by each individual of environmental quality control as part of his way of life. Ecology is a complex synthesis of many aspects of science, but simple principles can be taught to young children in the form of natural history. Though a branch of biology, it should be treated as a distinctive study for all students; then, hopefully, unrestricted exploitation of the ecosystem will cease to be regarded as a virtue.

ROBERT G. B. REID

University of Victoria
Victoria, B.C.

Sir: We should begin at once to design legislation that would reward the family with two children or fewer and penalize those with more. Why not give each female in the 15 to 30 age range a federal bonus for each year she remains childless? Young men could be paid for undergoing vasectomy, as in India. Income tax exemptions for dependent children should be reconsidered; perhaps those who adopt babies instead of bearing them could be given tax advantages. To multiply is definitely not to be fruitful.

CAROLYN S. FOOTE

Boise, Idaho

Sir: We need birth control for automobiles now. A good bicycle can take a healthy urbanite on many of his local jaunts with no hydrocarbon emissions and only minuscule demands for material and road space. He gets economical trans-

portation and an exercise program in the bargain. I will believe that the environment is a popular cause in the U.S. when the talkers get out of their cars and begin to ride bikes.

JAMES A. WORTHY

Instructor
Saint Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Mich.

Sir: The optimism of the article on environment—i.e., that politicians have got the message—is somewhat unwarranted. You might be interested in knowing that the \$800 million appropriated by Congress to finance new municipal water-treatment plants will probably never be spent. Despite considerable lobbying by ecologists, Mr. Nixon has ordered the Department of the Interior to hold back on spending this necessary appropriation and has given instructions to the department to come up with an alternate method of financing these water-treatment plants. The practical outcome of this hold will be a passing of the buck back to local units of government, with the hopes that local municipal bonding will suffice. It will not. I am afraid that Mr. Nixon must receive an A in equivocation.

THOMAS R. HELMA

County Supervisor
Ingham County Board of Supervisors
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: Your otherwise excellent article missed discussing one of the newest and possibly worst pollutants of our environment, excessive noise. As any city dweller can verify, we are bombarded day and night by excessive noise. Do we really need before-dawn garbage pickups that ruin one night's sleep in seven? And surely we can do something about those horribly noisy and irritating motorbikes—like require a better muffler. And how about the SST? It seems to me that the screaming jet noise is plenty bad enough without having to put up with sonic booms too.

JOHN NEWELL

Hayward, Calif.

Sir: Lacking in all the articles that I have read is a specific mention of Christmas trees. I have estimated that my husband and I and our combined families have used roughly 180 trees—a small forest—over the past 60 years, only to consign them to the city dump after a few days. And that is just a small portion of a large family, and just one family out of a nation! The spirit of Christmas is supposed to be one of giving, but in the criminal act of chopping down millions of trees every Christmas, some of which never get used, we are not giving but, in the worst way, taking from our earth.

MRS. CARL E. PICKHARDT III

Austin, Texas

Sir: TIME quotes Barry Commoner's lament about Peruvian fish meal ending up as cat food despite a starving human population, while "we don't even eat the cats!" Mr. Commoner is excused, but his psychology is inexcusable. Ecology—your very subject, I believe—has arisen from man's ruthless conquest of nature and supposed rightful "domination" of all other species.

The fact is, we face probable extinction today primarily because of our total disregard for other life forms. By according slovenly man a priority above that of the immaculate cat, TIME upholds the shal-

low and presumptuous credibility of *Genesis 1: 26*.

MARK E. BEHREND

Montreal

Sir: The suggestion that the fault lies at the door of the Judeo-Christian ideology amazes me. A careful reading of the *Genesis* text and the related passages makes it abundantly clear that the word dominion can in no way be translated or interpreted as abetting damaging exploitation.

On the contrary, the Bible states explicitly that man was placed here as the dominant species with the responsibility to manage the planet Earth and accountable to God for his stewardship. Adam's rebellion against and alienation from God resulted in terrible mismanagement of the generous commission. In the last book of the Bible there is a prophecy of the inevitable end. God's indictment is tersely summed up in the words, "and destroy them that destroy the earth."

(MRS.) E. LORRAINE AUSTIN

Montrose, Calif.

In the Shallows

Sir: I commend your Essay on "Revisionist Historians" (Feb. 2). For these historians to say that the U.S. is the only nation in existence interested in aggression is completely to disregard the history of Western civilization. It seems to me that there were several wars of aggression among the great powers before the U.S. came into existence. How is it that we are, all of a sudden, behind every international conflict of this century, while the old hands at it have become innocent victims of our imperialist plots? Their arguments are so shallow that I can think

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of only one two-syllable American word to describe them.

MACK K. SAMPLES
Instructor of History

University of South Carolina
Lancaster, S.C.

Sir: It has always been considered essential to good citizenship and a sense of nationhood that Americans exalt the glories of their past. But the most unfortunate result of this approach has been a colossal superiority complex, the kind of my-country-right-or-wrong attitude that got us bogged down in Viet Nam. What revisionists are saying is: we are mature enough to look at ourselves honestly and learn from our mistakes; and an honest look at the American past reveals a panorama of violence, racism, imperialism, demagoguery and economic exploitation.

FORREST G. WOOD

Associate Professor of History
Fresno State College
Bakersfield Center
Bakersfield, Calif.

This Creature Man

Sir: It is all right to threaten war if the Russians try to take over West Berlin. It is all right to send Marines to the Dominican Republic to prevent a Communist takeover. It is all right to wage an endless war to make sure that the authoritarian North Vietnamese don't get the better of the corrupt and grafting South Vietnamese.

But it is not seemly to use the faintest hint of force to get food to the people of Biafra [Feb. 2]. No, that would be in-

terfering in the internal affairs of another nation. Let the Nigerians and ex-Biafrans generals whoop it up at their wedding parties. Let the Ibo babies rest their heads in pools of diarrhea and cry the remainder of their lives out. It's just good politics.

I am finally convinced. God never made this creature Man.

BONNIE MAKAIWI

Livermore, Calif.

Taking Chances

Sir: Your article re Penn Central [Feb. 2] brings to mind a standard quip one of the conductors on our train brings to light ever so often. Because of a particularly hectic day at the ticket window, a passenger had to get on the train without a ticket. He asked the conductor if he sold tickets on the train. The conductor said: "Hell, we don't sell tickets, we sell chances!"

MARY H. BAIR

Elizabethtown, Pa.

The Numbers Game

Sir: After reading your article "Dial 686-2377 for NUMBERS" [Feb. 2], I will inform you that you can reach me at work by dialing GAY ANTS, and that you can reach me at home by dialing HAM SALT. My landlord can be reached by dialing I ADVISE. And don't forget that granddaddy of all telephone names: New York City's getting the time of day by dialing NERVOUS.

ROLF S. AUGUSTINE

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Eschewing Out

Sir: In the name of G.B.S., when are you going to stop treating vegetarians as if they were a fourth sex? You refer to Bridgid Brophy [Feb. 2] as "vegetarian"—yet you never refer to Graham Greene or John Updike as "flesh eaters."

Come off it, TIME, and get with all varieties of cheese. Some scientists are already gloomily admitting that those who have eschewed (Brophyism intended) blood and guts are going to be ahead.

TESSA UNTHANK
Assistant Professor

English Department
Cumberland College
Williamsburg, Ky.

Only His Tailor Knows

Sir: I was pleasantly surprised when I read about Philip Roth in the PEOPLE section [Feb. 2]. However, being the clothing salesman in question, I thought I would let you know a closer version of the story because it's more amusing than yours.

The time of the incident was approximately one month before the release of Mr. Roth's book *Portnoy's Complaint* in February 1969. In the course of conversation, I asked Mr. Roth his occupation. Upon receiving his answer, "a writer," I asked, "Do you make a living at it?" His reply, which at the time meant little, was "I . . . manage to make ends meet."

JERRY ALBERT

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

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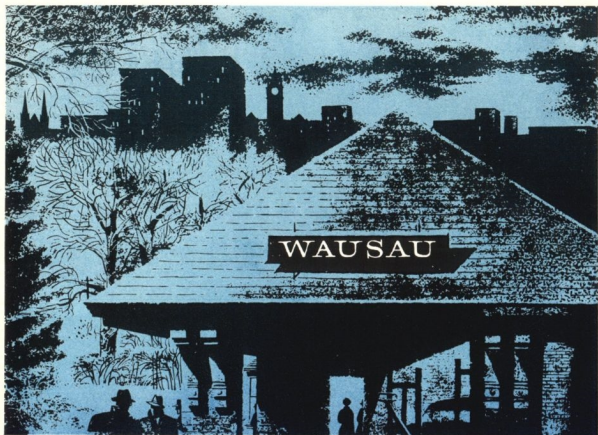
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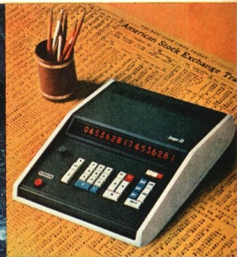
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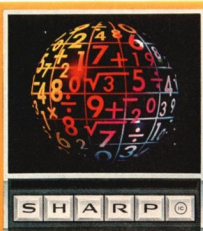
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Henry Lane (u)

ridiculed the charge, saying that "it would have made François I, Henri IV and Louis XV jealous." How so? (See THE WORLD.)

College students, hard-pressed to stay abreast of their required reading, have long considered *TIME* an essential way of keeping on top of current events. Today more than 3,000,000 students read *TIME* every week, and for a growing number of them, their involvement with the magazine does not stop there. Last year almost 1,000 students on



MOHS WITH SHANNON

Elsewhere in the magazine, TIME's readers will find many other stories that revolve around people, some famous, others merely fascinating, all very different from each other.

Which gossip columnist boasts his own coat hook at Manhattan's Four Seasons and the singular distinction of having loaned Sophia Loren his thermal underwear? (See PRESS.)

What American painter was significantly honored with a one-man show at the most prestigious gallery of all—the White House? (See ART.)

Who is the track star who "got stoned" on champagne the night before a meet and went out the next morning with "a hideous hangover" and ran the fastest 220 of his life? (See SPORT.)

In Paris, the defendants' attorney

campuses around the world earned pocket money and gained business experience selling Time Inc. publications at special college rates. Every spring students are signed up for the next school year. Those who want to become campus representatives should write for applications to TIME College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The Cover: Construction in casein on canvas with colored paper by Louis Glanzman.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 23, 1970 Vol. 95, No. 8

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Year of the Black

The vast majority of Americans, both white and black, remain ignorant of the contributions that black men have made to the national culture. Now a Los Angeles group called Progressive Black Associates has prepared an informal black-studies course of instruction. It is in the form of a calendar that chronicles day by day "the untold history of the black man in America." From Jan. 1, the 107th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, to Dec. 31, Odetta's 40th birthday, the calendar measures 1970 in terms of black men's achievements.

The calendar includes portraits of famous black men, ranging from Frederick Douglass, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr. to saxophonist John Coltrane. There are also some fascinating but sometimes disputed footnotes, such as the story that a black adventurer called "El Negro" piloted one of Columbus' ships to the New World. Or that black men and women have held patents on the gas mask, the ironing board, the lawn mower, the golf tee, the folding chair and the automatic traffic light.

Man in the Plastic Booth

When Adolf Eichmann was tried in Jerusalem nine years ago, he sat inside a bulletproof glass booth. The idea was to protect him from a possible assassin in the courtroom—and it inspired Ac-

tor Robert Shaw to write a successful play called *The Man in the Glass Booth*. Now American jurists are considering a similar booth, made of plastic. Here, however, the idea is to protect the court from the defendant.

In both the Chicago Seven trial (see *THE LAW*) and a hearing in Manhattan involving 13 Black Panthers, defendants who regard the proceedings as "a farce" have leaped up from the defense table shouting insults at the judges and witnesses. Such disruptions can make it virtually impossible to conduct a fair trial—thus, of course, fulfilling the defendants' angry prophecy. Members of the American Institute of Architects and the American Bar Association are discussing a soundproof plastic booth to be rigged with a telephone to the defense lawyer and a sound system enabling the defendant to hear the proceedings—but not be heard. The defendant would thus be reduced to pantomime protest. It sounds practical, but the larger question is what damage the judicial system will suffer if defendants in any numbers must be tried in plastic boxes.

The Boss v. the Bishop

When the law finally jailed Boss Tweed, the Tammany Hall czar gave his occupation as "statesman." His successor many times removed, Carmine De Sapio, was more modest when he testified recently in his own defense. Known as "The Bishop" in his glory days, De Sapio called himself an "ex-political leader."

When De Sapio took over the Manhattan Democratic organization 21 years ago, he was a progressive innovator. He led in nominating good-government candidates like Robert Wagner for mayor and Averell Harriman for Governor. He broke the Irish monopoly that had previously ruled Tammany. The Bishop liberalized organization rules to such an extent that a new generation of rebels was able to oust him—ironically, with Wagner's help. The kind of scandal that often tars machine politicians never seriously stained him until after his retirement. Last year he was charged in a bribery conspiracy; last week he got a two-year sentence. The situation was hardly unique, but the scale seemed all wrong. The millions that Tweed stole could never be accurately computed. Witnesses put De Sapio's cut in this case at a piddling \$7,500.



INTEGRATED MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL

Segregation

NEARLY 105 years after the end of the Civil War, and in a week in which much of the nation closed government offices, banks and schools to honor Abraham Lincoln, the struggle for equality still tormented and divided the nation.

Although the constitutional right of black children to attend schools with whites has long been legally established, Southern politicians were again stirring up opposition to school desegregation. They found a surprising ally in Connecticut's liberal Senator Abraham Ribicoff, who echoed Southern sentiment by charging that the North is guilty of "monumental hypocrisy" and "rampant racism" in its failure to integrate its own schools more fully. As if on cue, a Los Angeles superior court judge ruled two days later that the nation's most spread out (711 square miles) school system must balance its 583 schools racially by September 1971. On the very next day, President Nixon took the politically popular position of supporting the notion that children should be able to attend their nearest school and not be bused to others. If fully followed, that principle would effectively postpone most integration, North and South, until residential patterns change.



COLTRANE ON BLACK CALENDAR



ANTI-BUSING RALLY IN CHARLOTTE, N.C.



GOVERNORS MCKEITHEN, WILLIAMS & BREWER



SENATOR RIBICOFF



GHETTO CHILDREN BOARDING BUS

South—and North

Ribicoff's Senate speech was more emotional than practical. "I felt in my heart that this was something I just had to say," he explains. He sent an advance copy to Mississippi Senator John Stennis, who promptly requested that Ribicoff be given the floor during a debate on renewal of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. To the amazement of his Northern colleagues, Ribicoff supported a Stennis amendment that would require the Government to apply its desegregation policies "uniformly in all regions of the U.S., without regard to the origin or cause of such segregation." Stennis' purpose was to relieve the mounting pressures on the South by showing that the North is just as unwilling to desegregate its schools.

"The institutional roots of racism, which depersonalize our prejudices and make it easier for us to defend them," said Ribicoff, "are as deeply embedded in the large metropolitan communities of the North as they are in the small rural communities of the South." He cited Government studies that show that nearly half of all black students outside the South attend schools that are more than 95% black (compared with more than 70% in the South). Added Rib-

icoff: "If Senator John Stennis of Mississippi wants to make honest men of us Northern liberals, I think we should help him." The basic cause of Northern segregation, Ribicoff argues, is that "we have segregated our society and our neighborhoods. Black migrants in the cities were trapped in poverty because the whites who fled to the suburbs took the jobs with them and then closed the door on the black man." The only long-range solution to school segregation in Northern cities, he suggested, is to provide jobs and housing for blacks in the now white suburbs.

Steal the Buses. Ribicoff's candor drew high praise from diverse Senators. Stennis, understandably, called it "a landmark—a trail-blazing speech." Vermont Republican George Aiken termed it a demonstration of "courage" and even "nobility," while Democratic Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island agreed that many Northerners "have hypocrisy in our hearts—we go home and talk liberalism to each other, but we don't practice it."

Few would quarrel with Ribicoff's general indictment of the North, although it could be argued that the South's more purposeful and officially sanctioned racial discrimination has

helped push blacks into Northern urban ghettos and that the North's kind of racism more readily yields to appeals to conscience. The desire to treat segregation the same in both North and South is also laudable—but not nearly as simple as it sounds. While the courts have repeatedly ruled that *de jure* segregation, officially sustained by state and local governments, is unconstitutional, and the machinery to end it is well in motion, no such ruling or procedure has emerged to deal with *de facto* segregation created by the grouping of blacks in neighborhoods. The Southern strategists clearly hope that any attempt to move massively against the far more complex problems posed by *de facto* segregation would embroil the whole issue in new controversy, tie up the limited manpower resources of the Justice Department and HEW in complex investigations, and give the South more time to stall in desegregating its own schools.

This diversionary tactic comes at a time when the courts have run out of patience with Southern resistance and are setting deadlines for prompt desegregation. Enlightened leaders in the Carolinas have adjusted realistically to the inevitable and have reasoned responsibly with segregationists in their states. But Governors in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Florida are scoring easy and dangerous political points by stirring up all of the anti-integration

forces. Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox even told schoolchildren not to get on buses that would take them to integrated schools and that "somebody ought to let the air out of them [the tires] and steal them [the buses]." He and Louisiana's John McKeithen, Alabama's Albert Brewer and Mississippi's John Bell Williams met in Mobile, announced that they would go to Washington to try to "save our public schools." The issue is being inflamed by George Wallace, who has been attending anti-integration rallies in his drive to unseat Brewer this year and to reach again for the presidency in 1972.

The inflammatory talk is producing more white boycotts of integrated schools and a steady proliferation of private academies. A high school in Mississippi's Oktibbeha County that was to reopen last week with a heavy black enrollment burned down; arson is suspected. Bomb threats delayed the opening of two newly integrated schools in Birmingham. Bills outlawing busing to achieve racial integration are being introduced in Southern legislatures. Most of them are patterned after a law enacted last year by the New York state legislature—and Mississippi's Stennis has introduced an almost identical measure in the U.S. Senate.

The North's ambivalence was further dramatized by Superior Court Judge Al-

fred Gitelson's ruling that Los Angeles was violating the rights of its black and Mexican American children—who constitute 44% of the city's 654,000 students—by keeping most of them in schools with few whites. Gitelson accepted arguments of the American Civil Liberties Union, which had filed the suit, and found the school board guilty of *de jure* segregation by building new schools, drawing new attendance districts and creating busing policies without regard for the fact that they would not achieve integration. He also moved toward blurring the distinction between *de jure* and *de facto*, contending that "Negro and Mexican children suffer serious harm when their education takes place in public schools that are racially segregated, whatever the source of such segregation may be." He ordered the board to develop a plan that would reduce the percentage of minority students in each school to no more than 15% above or below their representation in the city, and in no case constituting more than half of a school's enrollment.

Acting School Superintendent Robert Kelly contends that that will require busing more than 240,000 children at a cost of \$180 million over the next eight years; School Board President Arthur Gardner declared that this would "virtually destroy the school district." It al-

ready faces a deficit that could reach \$54 million next year. The school board will appeal the decision and the case may well wind up in the Supreme Court.

However difficult it might be to achieve racial balance in Los Angeles' sprawling school district, it is impossible in a city like Washington, D.C., where 94% of students are black. It is highly impractical in New York City, where more than half of the 1,000,000 pupils are heavily concentrated in such huge ghettos as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. In many heavily black cities, the only answer is to create school districts that spill over city boundaries into white suburbs. In the case of Washington, this would also involve two quite reluctant states.

Shibboleths. Thus in the nation's largest cities, there may be no immediate solution to the segregated-school dilemma; the only practical course is to improve the teaching in the schools as they exist. But in countless smaller communities, North and South, the use of buses—however inconvenient or expensive—is not only practical but virtually the only way to achieve integration. That is what makes President Nixon's defense of the anti-busing forces so questionable. To be sure, his statement was carefully hedged. But he expressed no personal zeal for the principle of integration, but shifted the responsibility to the courts. Nixon's ambiguous thinking, as read by Press Secretary Ron Ziegler: "The President feels that in the efforts to eliminate, according to the mandate of the court, the dual school system to the maximum degree possible, we should not use busing, and also, to the maximum degree possible, it is the feeling that we should do everything to preserve the neighborhood school system, to allow children to go to the closest school in their neighborhood."

There is, of course, considerable justification for the idea that children should be able to walk to school; also, parents take a more personal interest in schools in their own neighborhood. But there are elements of hypocrisy in these shibboleths. More than 17 million children are being bused daily already, mostly because they live beyond walking distance of their schools, and there are no studies that indicate they suffer educationally as a result. In the South, where housing is less segregated than in Northern big cities, countless black children are now bused past nearby white schools. Nor is the nightmare envisioned by Senator Stennis, that children would be "boxed up and crated and hauled around the city and the country like common animals," really true. But most parents understandably fear that their children will wind up in an inferior school and will be retarded by their teachers' efforts to help slower students. The idea that black children have suffered for more than a century from poor schooling, and that the only way to reverse this historical process is to ask white students to make sacrifices of

The Example of Mount Vernon

ONLY 25 minutes away from Manhattan lies Mount Vernon, N.Y., a highly segregated suburb of 80,000 people, divided starkly into black and white worlds by an east-west railroad track. It could well be the kind of community that Senator Ribicoff had in mind when he complained of racial hypocrisy in the North.

Blacks have been steadily moving into Mount Vernon since the end of World War II. They formed 11% of the population in 1950 and now account for 35%. Since the city has only one high school, it is integrated. But the white community has persistently and bitterly opposed integration of its eleven elementary schools. School-board candidates routinely campaign on the pitch "Preserve Your Neighborhood Schools," which black critics understandably interpret as "Keep Your Schools White."

Responding to pleas from blacks, the then New York Commissioner of Education James E. Allen (now U.S. Commissioner of Education) in 1965 ordered Mount Vernon's school board to submit an integration plan. The board turned to a freedom-of-choice scheme under which all pupils would be free to attend any school in the city. It is a device the

South once fought but is now urging the courts to accept, since it leads to little integration. It worked that way in Mount Vernon, where some blacks chose to attend white schools—but not a single white student volunteered to change schools. "No white mother or father is going to let his child be picked up and driven across town," contends Mount Vernon State Assemblyman George Van Cott.

Allen in 1968 ordered Mount Vernon to initiate a compulsory busing plan that would require transporting 3,000 students. The board balked, and an appellate judge overruled Allen's order. Yet Mount Vernon occupies only 4½ sq. mi. and seems ideal for busing; rides would be short, and the cost not unmanageable. It was Assemblyman Van Cott who was a leader last year when the New York legislature enacted a law that bans compulsory busing to achieve a racial balance. Its passage seems to rule out any such transporting of Mount Vernon students. Nevertheless, whites are continuing to leave the community. "There is no outward racism here," says one of the town's defenders. "Our whites and blacks get along well, except when whites feel that their jobs and homes are threatened."

DON WRIGHT



VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW
A self-perpetuating cycle?

their own, is hardly persuasive to most white parents. Yet some blacks also think their children may suffer from the daily contrast between the ghetto and an affluent school neighborhood.

Since 1954 the nation has been committed to the principle that segregated education is inferior education; no study since then has refuted that concept. But as for busing as a solution, it is a hard political reality that the opposition is so strong that massive use of the practice will not soon be tolerated in the U.S.—unless the courts rule otherwise.

It was not one of the Administration's finer weeks in dealing with the nation's racial problems. At a Republican fund-raising dinner in Chicago, Vice President Spiro Agnew attacked as "supercilious sophisticates" any who advocate "open admissions" of minority students to the nation's colleges. He seemed to suggest that an open-admissions policy is a kind of intellectual version of busing. Admittedly, the policy has dangers and must be administered carefully. But Agnew's assertion that the main criterion for admission to college should be aptitude, while it sounds unimpeachable, in fact ignores the realities.

Ghetto children raised in ghetto schools cannot develop and display their aptitude in the same way that white students do. To refuse them special consideration is to condemn them to the self-perpetuating cycle of inferior education. In fact, the concept of compensatory help is well established in the armed forces and in industry. Progressive businesses, including IBM and General Motors, do not insist on conventional aptitude in hiring blacks; instead, they train them for jobs that the schools have not previously equipped them to handle.

LABOR

Alexander's Plan

To dramatize what they called Harvard University's discriminatory hiring practices, a group of students last year occupied a university building. It was a mild melee to protest the scarcity of non-whites among laborers on campus construction jobs. But Harvard took it seriously, recalling all contracts up for award and hiring as a consultant Clifford Alexander Jr., a black partner of the Washington firm of Arnold and Porter.

Alexander, 36, is a brilliant, articulate graduate of Harvard University (*cum laude*) and Yale Law School. He was appointed chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission by President Johnson and was replaced after the Republicans took office.

Last week Harvard adopted an Alexander plan, which will ensure that 19% to 23% of the workers on two upcoming campus construction jobs will be non-whites. It is believed to be the first time that a builder will be bound by contract to hire a specific number of minority workers. The agreement was worked out craft by craft so that non-whites will not be relegated to lower-paying jobs. One-fifth of those who work as subcontractors must be from minorities.

Alexander arrived at the 19%-23% figure not by tallying the percentage of blacks and Puerto Ricans in Cambridge (19.5%) but by counting the number of nonwhites available for jobs in the 20-odd crafts covered by the contracts. Moreover, if the builder is unable to recruit sufficient numbers, Harvard has the right to supply the minority workers.

The plan's announcement met with predictable grumbles. Greater Boston's Building Trades Employers Association and the Building and Construction

Trades Council accused Harvard of headline hunting. Joel B. Leighton, managing director of the Associated General Contractors of Massachusetts, Inc., opposes it because the plan "does not involve training and has no provision for continuity of employment." At Harvard, the Organization for Black Unity, a student group, called the plan "insignificant," for much the same reasons.

Harvard officials concede that the Alexander formula does not entirely solve the problem of minority hiring. But it does put pressure on contractors and unions to train minority workers. And while Harvard has not officially indicated that it will employ 20% minority group labor in all its future projects, the university hopes that the Alexander plan will set a pattern for all future contracts—amounting to \$25 million annually over the next few years.

Good Faith. Despite its shortcomings, the Harvard-Alexander plan is more ambitious than the Government's own Philadelphia Plan. Under this scheme, bidders for federally aided construction contracts of \$500,000 or more must pledge themselves to a "good-faith effort" to hire minority employees.

The quotas for nonwhites under the Philadelphia Plan are low—between 4% and 9% the first year, rising to 20% by the fifth year. It has a built-in escape clause; the contractor has only to say that he has honestly tried to hire non-whites, even if he has not succeeded. Despite these weaknesses, the Nixon Administration seems determined to put pressure on the blatantly discriminatory construction-trades unions. Last week Secretary of Labor George Shultz said the Philadelphia Plan would be extended to 18 other U.S. cities unless they came up with their own plans for ending discrimination in the construction industry.

FREDERICK A. WETTER



BLACK & WHITE WORKERS IN PHILADELPHIA
A pattern for the future?

Cato v. Publius in the White House

WHAT is the ideology of the Nixon Administration? Some critics on the left think of it exclusively as an amalgam of Main Street values, Southern strategy and corporate mentality. Such a description is often slapped on in primary colors, and can come close to caricature. In fact, the Administration in its first year evolved through a series of policies that were in many ways ideologically inconsistent. A gesture toward the conservative (the Haynsworth nomination, for example) would be countered by an interventionist policy (such as the Philadelphia Plan). The President embodies both an instinctive conservatism and an intellectual reformism.

For a long time, Nixon deliberately avoided raising any rhetorical pennants; he did not coin his own equivalent of the "New Frontier" or the "Great Society." Lately, he has settled upon the doctrine of a New Federalism—a formula that embodies the Nixonian ideal of power diffused downward to state

tempt to equal the lucid grace of the original, but his essay is an enthusiastic effort to erect some theoretical carapace over Nixon's policies. "The purpose of the New Federalism," writes New Publius, "is to come to grips with a paradox: a need for both national unity and local diversity; a need to protect both individual equality at the national level and individual uniqueness at the local level; and a need both to establish national goals and to decentralize government services."

The Administration's ideal, says New Publius, is a "national localism." Such a notion, stated as a somewhat clumsy oxymoron, reopens the entire question of Federal power v. states' rights. For years, heirs of the New Deal have tended to dismiss states'-rights as rednecked Smerdyakovs. Shortly after New Publius circulated his paper, another White House speechwriter, Tom Charles Huston, 28, a former president of the

Publius, would retain the power to dictate overall national objectives.

Cato, a literal-minded constitutionalist, lets fly with oratorical gapesth: "If New Publius is saying that once the Federal Government determines that a problem—any problem—exists and decides that something should be done about it, the States have the first option to take action and if they refuse the Federal Government may rightly act on its own—if this be his argument, then not only is it objectionable, it is revolutionary. Power implies the right to say No and make it stick, it includes the right of a State to decide for itself whether a 'problem' exists."

As with such debates in the past, it is a fascinating and difficult question whether there is a national social morality, where it lies, and who is to enforce it. Writes New Publius: "To the New Federalists, morality in the nation is determined not by government policy, church decree or social leadership—what is moral is what most people who think about morality at all think is moral at a given time." Rejoins Cato: "Morality then, to New Publius, is the temporary decision of a majority of those who happen to take the effort to think about it. . . . The 'national conscience' resides in Washington, and if New Publius has his way it will be extended to every nook and cranny of the land at bayonet point, if necessary."

What are the practical applications of New Publius' theory? He cites the President's welfare reform as a program embodying national guidelines and local initiatives. Similarly, says New Publius, the Administration's revenue-sharing plan "recognizes the difficulty of State taxation and acknowledges the better judgment of most States in spending funds within their own boundaries." In each case, "the Federal government systematically yields involvement to local authorities without surrendering the ultimate responsibility."

Cato argues, however, that the Nixon Administration is involved simply in problem solving, that it is fatuous to surround such programs with a philosophical explanation, for it is basic to their philosophy that the programs would be vulnerable. Cato denies that he is advocating a retreat into the past. "There is another option," he writes, "principled convenience." By that he means, vaguely, being chary of enforcing the federal will too strongly. The unanswered question is: Whose principles? Whose convenience?

The President encourages the intramural philosophizing but has no plans to embrace either interpretation. He has taken some courses close to New Publius' theory, others more appealing to Cato. That simply proves that the man in the White House is not a consistent ideologue, which is perhaps just as well. Whatever treatises churn forth from the White House, politics is still the art of the possible.

WALTER BENNETT

THE GETTMAN ARCHIVE

JOHN G. DE PREZ, JR.



WILLIAM SAFAIRE



CATO THE CENSOR



TOM CHARLES HUSTON

and local authorities. The notion is not so different from the New Left's "Power to the People!"—except that Nixon has different people in mind. And unlike some participatory democrats, the President would keep the states and localities on a long, loose but authoritative federal leash.

In the White House at the moment, there is something like an essay contest in progress among a few aides and speechwriters attempting to give verbal shape to the President's philosophy. If nothing else, the episode illustrates a difference between Nixon and his predecessor; it short-circuits the imagination to conceive of Lyndon Johnson approving of such a staff forum on what he was thinking, or ought to think.

The first exegesis came from Speechwriter William Safire, 40, who wrote a 19-page tract entitled "New Federalist Paper #1, by Publius"—in imitation of the Federalist Papers, signed "Publius," by Hamilton, Madison and Jay (TIME, Jan. 26). Nowhere does New Publius at-

tempt to equal the lucid grace of the original, but his essay is an enthusiastic effort to erect some theoretical carapace over Nixon's policies. "The purpose of the New Federalism," writes New Publius, "is to come to grips with a paradox: a need for both national unity and local diversity; a need to protect both individual equality at the national level and individual uniqueness at the local level; and a need both to establish national goals and to decentralize government services."

Young Americans for Freedom, sent around a rebuttal: "FEDERALISM: OLD AND NEW Or, The Pretensions of New Publius Exposed, By Cato."* New Publius argued that the Federal Government should allow states the "right of first refusal" in complying with Federal programs, but if they refused to comply (with an order to desegregate schools, for example) the Federal Government could pull the leash taut. New Publius expounds a sort of administratively decentralized liberalism: the Federal Government should define goals and establish priorities, but give over to states the powers of administration, since bureaucratic, central administration tends to be inefficient. The Federal Government, according to New

* For "Cato," the nom de plume of the early 18th century Whigs Thomas Gordon and John Trenchard, who wrote *Cato's Letters: Or, Essays on Liberty, Civil and Religious*. Also for Cato the Censor, the Roman statesman Publius, whose name was taken by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, was a Roman moralist of the 1st century B.C.



JACKIE & GILPATRIC IN NEW YORK (1968)
A day to remember.

THE KENNEDYS

Dear Ros

*I loved my day in Maryland so much
—It made me happy for one whole week
—It is only Thursday today—But I
know the spell will carry over until
tomorrow.*

The author of the letter was Jackie Kennedy. Her escort in the Maryland countryside was the dashing Roswell Gilpatric, at the time Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy Administration. On the day of their excursion, June 7, 1963, John Kennedy was 3,000 miles away in California watching a demonstration of naval weaponry. The next day he would leave for Honolulu, all part of a five-day presidential trip.

Gilpatric figured that the letter, dated June 13 and one of several written to him by Jackie, was safely stashed in a locked cabinet at the Manhattan law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, where he is now senior partner. But last week this letter and three others to him from Jackie turned up in the Manhattan shop of Autograph Auctioneer Charles Hamilton. They were brought there by Theodore Donson, 32, a lawyer who was formerly employed by Gilpatric's firm.

Hamilton had auctioned Jackie's mail before (one letter went for \$3,000 in 1964) and planned to put the latest on the block in March. As he routinely does whenever he receives Kennedy memorabilia, Hamilton sent copies of the letters to Washington *Post* Columnist Maxine Cheshire. She, in turn, called Gilpatric, who immediately checked his file cabinet. "They have obviously been purloined by someone with larceny in their heart," he said.

All You Were. The letters were written between 1963 and 1968, the year Gilpatric was separated from his third wife,

Madelin. In the last of the four that were to be auctioned, Jackie explained to Ros, with whom she had traveled to the Yucatan Peninsula several months before, why she had not let him in on her plans to marry Ari. "Dearest Ros—I would have told you before I left—but then everything happened so much more quickly than I'd planned." She closed the letter, written during her honeymoon, saying, "I hope you know all you were and are and will ever be to me—With my love, Jackie."

The "Dear Ros" letters were impounded by the district attorney's office, which was questioning Donson about how they came into his possession. According to Donson, the letters were passed along to him by a night stenographer at Gilpatric's law office. The man had said that he knew Donson was a collector of art prints and that he had found the letters in a wastebasket. Donson took them to the auctioneer and received \$500 in advance, but when he learned that they were stolen, he tried to get them back to return them to Gilpatric.

By week's end, the elusive night stenographer was still at large. Meanwhile, Jackie, looking no worse for the publicity, was ice-skating merrily at Rockefeller Center with young John Kennedy.

with my love Jackie

AMERICANA

Ex Libris

U. S. Grant used to stop at Lowdermilk's bookstore in the afternoon to browse, and Teddy Roosevelt ordered volumes on wildlife there. The more literate Congressmen and Senators prowled among its shelves. Sometimes their own books found their way back into Lowdermilk's massive stocks. The store in downtown Washington had volumes bearing the senior Henry Cabot Lodge's bookplate, the *Ex Libris* of Speakers of the House, even that of Davy Crockett, the Tennessee Congressman who died at the Alamo.

The 98-year-old Lowdermilk's, oldest of the nation's great secondhand bookstores, was a print fancier's Golconda. In a pre-paperback age, the books themselves, passing through Lowdermilk's from one owner to another, acquired histories and characters of their own. Roaming among the shop's six miles of shelves, the browser might have come upon a 1702 edition of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, a signed first edition of John Brown's *Body* or a mint copy of Agricola's *De Re Metallica* signed by the translators, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. In the musty chaos of books—memoirs, Shakespeare, Chinese history, the Arctic, the Civil War, Egypt—a visitor to Lowdermilk's was in a Gutenberg's midden of all manner of civilizations.

Favorite Tavern. Only a few of America's great secondhand bookstores remain. There is Goodspeed's in Boston, the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop in Chicago, Howell's in San Francisco and Dawson's in Los Angeles. They are survivors of a fading American scene. More than a year ago, Leary's closed in Philadelphia, and last week an auctioneer sold Lowdermilk's 200,000 volumes and documents for a total of \$110,000. Among the items were 52 glass negatives made by Mathew Brady.

The store will make way for a terminal in Washington's new subway system; but that is not what killed it. Such shops are simply no longer profitable. Books require space that is more and more costly in downtown buildings. The choice out-of-print and rare books are being absorbed by new colleges and universities, especially since tax laws now make it more profitable for collectors to donate their libraries to institutions than to sell them. Fewer Americans collect books now, and more and more often they get them from book clubs, or buy paperback.

Lowdermilk's was a wonderfully archaic place redolent of the 19th century, with its air of oddity and discovery. Ralph Newman, owner of Chicago's Abraham Lincoln Book Shop, observed: "It was like going to your favorite tavern—you could always find things there, like a first printing of the Gettysburg Address." Newman will keep his own store open as long as he can. "We're one of the few bookstores left where you can get a drink in the back," Newman smiled. "Try that on the Book-of-the-Month Club!"

WALTER BENNETT



LOWDERMILK'S IN WASHINGTON
A print fancier's Golconda.

OPINION

Johnson Seeks Vindication

Lyndon Johnson—secretive, unpredictable, vindictive, egocentric—was a trying boss. Now it appears that he is even a trying ex-boss. A current source of fury in Washington: Johnson's recent televised version of the events leading to the U.S. bombing halt over North Viet Nam (TIME, Feb. 16). The men responsible for shaping and carrying out his Viet Nam policy in 1968 listened with stunned disbelief. This was not the history of the pivotal month of March as they knew it.

Last week they were consulting their own and one another's memories. Some were checking back into their own files. A number of former officials telephoned

son's Feb. 6 television interview, most of them view L.B.J.'s principal assertion as misleading. As Johnson would have it, Dean Rusk in the first few days of March orally proposed a U.S. bombing halt north of the 20th parallel, with no strings attached. Further, by March 7, Rusk had put forward a written suggestion that, said Johnson, was "not far different from the proposal in my [March 31] speech."

By Johnson's account, it was Rusk and the President who originated the initiative that began the scaling down of the war and helped bring about the Paris negotiations. Clifford, then in the process of trying to turn the Administration toward a more conciliatory line, is relegated to a minor role. If true, Johnson's story means that for the ensuing three weeks, senior members of the Administration siding with Clifford—as well as the country at large—were the victims of a charade.

In private and public statements, Johnson advocated the same tough policy as before. Rusk gave no hint of change when he appeared on Capitol Hill. The oft-revised McPherson draft was still free of concession as late as March 28. High-level discussions were continuing, and men like Clifford, Warnke and Hoopes apparently still believed that they had to convert Rusk, Johnson and Walt Rostow, the President's aide for national-security affairs.

Trust at Stake. It may be that Johnson is technically accurate. A Rusk paper concerning a bombing halt did exist, though its precise contents have not been disclosed. In Austin, Walt Rostow says that Johnson will eventually produce the records that will solidly support his assertions. If so, they will prove that Johnson and his Secretary of State had an even closer relationship than anyone knew, a relationship almost unique in modern history, which excluded all the other key men around them.

While in power, Johnson diminished the prestige of his office by putting its credibility in doubt. Now he is reaching back for retirement for vindication. It would be a limited one at best. If he is now being true to the spirit as well as to the letter of his and Rusk's discussions early that March, then there was gross deception at the time, and for motives that are still unclear. If, on the other hand, it develops that Johnson is now distorting the facts or lying for the sake of historians' notices, the impact on public confidence in the nation's leaders could be even worse.

Far more than Johnson's personal reputation is at stake; Americans' trust in the institution of the presidency is also involved. Richard Nixon has developed his own Viet Nam policy, to be sure, but he still must work to hold popular confidence in his motives and goals. Thus it would be a boon if the documentary proof Rostow talks about is forthcoming. It could help Johnson's reputation and, more important, his successors' performances.

How Goes

DEFENSE Secretary Melvin Laird visited South Viet Nam last week for a first-hand look at the effectiveness of the Nixon Administration's policies. Laird went into the field togged out in fatigues and a baseball cap, and announced on departure that "Vietnamization is working." It is "on schedule in some places and ahead of schedule in others," he reported. "We face formidable but manageable problems ahead."

Back in Washington, the 76-member Democratic Policy Council recommended that the U.S. announce a firm timetable for withdrawing all troops within 18 months, a course that the Administration has rejected. The argument for a public timetable is that it would increase pressure on Saigon to take over the fighting, and on Hanoi to accept a political settlement instead of facing protracted combat with a beefed-up South Vietnamese army. Nixon, by contrast, contends that any such announcement would tie his hands and undercut his bargaining position with the enemy.

While Secretary Laird was in Viet Nam, TIME's Saigon correspondents—Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, Robert Anson and Burton Pines—sat down to compare their own informed assessments of the present state of the war. Among their comments:

Vietnamization

CLARK: If there is enough time, then ARVN [Army of the Republic of Viet Nam] may very well shape up. They've now got some fairly decent units. They know how to work artillery and fly planes and run boats. They're acquiring some logistics sense, which comes hard. But I think we're going to have some real headaches with ARVN and probably some fairly disheartening setbacks. It's going to take a lot of work and a lot of patience, maybe more than the American public has to give. But so far, so good.

PINES: If we give ARVN enough time, it probably can solve its problems—lack of confidence, getting enough experienced NCOs and junior officers and sufficient equipment. Whatever indications we have are encouraging. Still, we can't be sure unless there is a more definitive test. It might come in the Mekong Delta.

ANSON: The crunch will come when ARVN gets whacked by the North Vietnamese. I mean really whacked. What happens when they start losing a company here and a company there, or maybe a battalion? Will the whole force crack? That's a question we can't answer. We can only hope. But I have my doubts. I think the most hopeful sign is the progress of the RFs and PFs [Regional Forces and Popular Forces, responsible for defending their home dis-



"HE'S ALWAYS BEEN MOST CONVINCING IN A SMALL GROUP"

fellow alumni, comparing their distressed reactions.

Were the followers in a position to know as much as the leader? Averell Harriman, then Ambassador at Large in the State Department, was soon to represent Johnson at the Paris negotiations, along with Cyrus Vance. Robert McNamara had just departed the Pentagon and was replaced by Clark Clifford, who became a central figure during that long month. William Bundy was an Assistant Secretary of State intimately concerned with Southeast Asian affairs. Harry McPherson and John Roche were White House aides; McPherson drafted the March 31 speech. Paul Nitze had succeeded Vance as Deputy Defense Secretary. Paul Warnke was intimately involved with Viet Nam planning as an Assistant Secretary of Defense, and Townsend Hoopes, then Under Secretary of the Air Force, later wrote a persuasive account (*The Limits of Intervention*) of the Administration's internal debate.

While none of these men was willing last week to comment publicly on John-

the War? A Colloquy in Saigon

tricts). The very fact that you don't hear them called "Ruff-Puffs" so much any more is encouraging.

The Ground War

CLARK: This time two years ago, we were fighting in the streets of Saigon, Huế and almost every other major town in the country. Now the fighting is taking place almost completely in the thinly populated provinces bordering the sanctuaries in Laos and Cambodia. This seems to me the biggest accomplishment of the past two years—moving the enemy away from the population centers,

struggle. We seem to be returning to roughly the same situation that existed from 1960 to 1965, before the massive commitment of American combat troops—a sort of special warfare, as the Communists would call it, with the South Vietnamese doing most of the fighting and with the Americans providing big doses of advice and assistance. The Communists will be preparing for what they believe will be a final, decisive offensive on the political front. They will be training cadres and propagandizing the population during 1970. We will see fewer large-scale ground attacks and

haps over the next 12 to 18 months. I think there is virtually no possibility of the U.S. introducing new troops into the battle zone, no matter how dark the military picture becomes for ARVN.

Pacification

PINES: Fortunately, pacification no longer seeks to "win the hearts and minds of the people." Instead it aims at the stomach, at well-being, and it has made impressive gains.

CLARK: Pacification really means establishing a situation in which the people can live normal lives—develop commerce, elect village officials, travel around without being worried about getting shot. Nobody who has traveled this country can seriously argue that things have not improved. Roads are open, produce is getting to market. That does not make the people loyal to President Thieu, though. I think most of them wish all politicians would go away.

ANSON: I personally feel that while pacification may be stronger today than at any time within recent memory, it is still extremely vulnerable to a determined thrust. We shouldn't be surprised if we wake up some morning to find that the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese have returned to areas where we thought they could never come back.

The Thieu Government

CLARK: I've been disappointed by the failure to clean up very obvious corruption, although there has probably been some improvement on the province-chief level. The average province chief today is a military appointee of Thieu who can't operate openly like a Chinese warlord, exacting tribute from his followers. As for broadening the political base of Thieu's government, although it is a very Western concept, I think eventually he will do it. Should it come about at the price of constant bickering and plotting? Thieu has asked some of those Vietnamese who call for broadening the political base to take part in his government, but they all want to be Prime Minister. Often these men speak for themselves and nobody else. They do not represent big mass parties.

PINES: Power does not lie with the political parties. Political parties in South Viet Nam are a Saigon phenomenon of lawyers, former generals and café intellectuals with little or no roots in the countryside. If Thieu cannot win the stomachs and broaden his base in the countryside, then no combination of political blocs in Saigon can save him or his regime. If he gains in the countryside, no combination of blocs could do much to remove him. When the U.S. urges Thieu to broaden the political spectrum of his party, we are approaching the Vietnamese scene with a very ethnocentric, Anglo-American eye. It's a political-science-seminar solution that just will not work.



LAIRD & JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN EARLE WHEELER

where he can really hurt you. I think our side is ahead in this game, and the other side had better do something pretty drastic or they'll be too far behind to catch up.

PINES: The initiative is definitely now in allied hands. The Communists today find it increasingly costly and difficult to mass their forces. When they do, they suffer enormous losses.

Enemy Intentions

PINES: If the Communists could unleash another offensive of the magnitude of Tet 1968, they would. They cannot. They realize that to continue their current level of fighting would involve unbearable casualties and perhaps fatally tax the resources of North Viet Nam.

ANSON: It is wrong to look for anything resembling a return to classic guerrilla warfare. The North and the Viet Cong have always recognized that the U.S. presents a far more formidable opponent than the French and that defeating it would be a long, complicated

more terrorism, indirect attacks by fire and sapper probes. It is quite possible that the Communists may offer the U.S. a cease-fire, and equally possible that the U.S. will accept.

The Future U.S. Role

PINES: By 1972 we should still have close to 200,000 Americans in Viet Nam, but they'll be suffering very few casualties. There will be Air Force strategic and tactical support, engineers, medics. There will be advisers to ARVN regiments and divisions, to their air force, navy and logisticians, as well as the whole spectrum of pacification and rural-development programs. Finally, we will need at least two divisions as a fire brigade. These will probably be the last troops to go. They might remain for several decades as a tripwire deterrent, like the U.S. Seventh Army on the Elbe River and the U.S. Eighth Army on the 38th parallel in Korea.

ANSON: The redeployment of combat troops to the U.S. will continue, per-

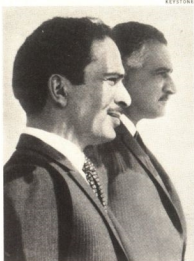
THE WORLD

Middle East: Civilians as Targets

WITH the undeclared war in the Middle East growing steadily in intensity, the communiqué from Tel Aviv last week seemed strictly routine. It began: "Israeli jets blasted Egyptian military targets north and south of Cairo and a radar site 24 miles west of the Suez Canal in two raids today. All the Israeli planes returned safely. Pilots reported accurate hits in both strikes." In a matter of hours, however, the Israelis were drastically amending the report.

Staging their tenth air raid in a month around Cairo, Israeli planes were supposed to bomb an air force supply depot at Khanka, twelve miles north of the Egyptian capital. But two planes swept over the nearby community of Abu Zabal and dropped several bombs on a steel plant whose 1,700 employees had just arrived for the 8 a.m. shift. The Egyptian government reported 70 of the civilian workers killed and 98 wounded in the raid. It was the worst toll of civilians since the 1967 war, and its aftereffects are likely to be felt for a long time by all the powers concerned, including the U.S. and the Soviet Union. On Israel's part, it was a dangerous move, at best a major blunder. Despite continued Arab attacks, the raid made Israel seem increasingly aggressive and intransigent at a time when it is seeking additional U.S. arms.

24-Hour Warning. Western correspondents summoned to Abu Zabal found a rustic, peaceful scene on the town's fringes. Fellahin stolidly plowed their fields. On an adjacent canal, tall-masted feluccas sailed gracefully. At the National Metal Industries Co., however, fires smoldered everywhere, and at a hospital close by, bodies were stacked like cordwood. Because the Israelis so rarely



HUSSEIN and NASSER IN CAIRO
Uneasy, if not intolerable.

make mistakes, there was doubt that the attack was inadvertent. Yet Israeli officials seemed genuinely surprised when reports began coming out of Egypt on the bombing of the factory. Finally, the military command announced that there had been inaccurate bombing because of a "technical error"—but it offered no further explanation. As if to underscore that the raid really was an accident, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan took the unprecedented step of notifying Egypt through the International Red Cross and U.N. cease-fire observers that an 880-lb. delayed-action bomb had been dropped at Abu Zabal and was set to detonate in 24 hours.

Far from the Middle East, the war be-

tween Israelis and Arabs claimed several other civilian casualties last week. At Munich's Riem airport, three swarthy men sauntered toward passengers of an El Al jet en route from Tel Aviv to London. The three, later identified as two Jordanians and an Egyptian, suddenly began tossing grenades and firing pistols. One Israeli was fatally wounded and 11 other people were hurt. At first, German police assumed that the three were after Actor Assaf Dayan, 23, Moshe's son, who was the first passenger to notice the Arabs. Papers the men tried to discard when they were captured, however, showed that they had planned to hijack the 707.

Unstable Situation. The increasing attacks with civilians as targets added a volatile element to a situation that was already as unstable as a vial of nitroglycerin. In Cairo, hundreds of thousands of Egyptians staged the biggest demonstration since the Six-Day War, demanding vengeance for "the blood of the martyrs." If one of the Israelis' objectives was to weaken Nasser, the raid seemed to be having the opposite effect—at least for the time being. "Nasser! Nasser!" screamed the crowds as Egypt's President drove to prayers at Al Azhar mosque with visiting Sudanese Premier Jaafar Nemery and Libyan Leader Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. Two newspapers in the Egyptian capital, noting that U.S. Phantom jets had been used to carry out the Abu Zabal raid, called it "an American-Israeli crime in which Nixon is an accomplice."

Thrust onto the defensive, the U.S. upbraided Israel for the attack. Under Secretary of State Elliot Richardson publicly deplored both the Abu Zabal bombing and the Munich attack; pri-

BOMBED FACTORY AT ABU ZABAL



PRO-REGIME DEMONSTRATION IN CAIRO



vately, he emphasized Washington's unhappiness over the bombing during a two-hour meeting with Israeli Ambassador Itzhak Rabin.

The new round of bloodshed also spurred fresh demands for an end to the fighting. Charles Yost, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., proposed at a meeting with his British, French and Soviet counterparts in Manhattan that the Big Four try to implement a cease-fire. In Addis Ababa, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers had a 75-minute talk with Yugoslavia's President Tito, who will see Gamal Abdel Nasser later this month in Cairo.

Plainly, the week's events have complicated the already grave dilemmas that confront all the principals in the Middle East crisis:

THE U.S. Before the month is out, President Nixon is supposed to reply to an Israeli request for 24 more Phantom jets and 80 Skyhawks to offset the sale of nearly 110 French Mirages and trainers to Libya. U.S. officials insisted that the Abu Zabal raid would not delay the decision. But a postponement would surprise nobody, for Nixon is bound to be faulted no matter what he decides. If he sells more jets to the Israelis, the Arabs warn that they might move against the American companies that now pump some \$2.5 billion in oil from Arab wells annually. If Nixon refuses to sell the jets, the Israelis might be tempted to mount a major offensive before their neighbors have time to gain military seniority. Only last week, Dayan noted that by next summer "the Egyptians will have more tanks, more planes, more sophisticated weapons and better-trained forces."

THE SOVIET UNION. Moscow's dilemma is similar in some respects to Washington's. For months, Egyptians have been grumbling because the Soviets refuse to supply them with offensive arms. The Kremlin fears that if it provides such arms, the result might be a war that could spread rapidly beyond the Middle East. But if Moscow keeps turning Nasser down, it risks losing leverage.

JORDAN. King Hussein wants peace, probably more than any other Arab leader. But he remembers well how his grandfather, King Abdullah, was cut down by Arab assassins in 1951 for considering a separate settlement with the Israelis. Nevertheless, Hussein would like to curb the fedayeen within Jordan before their activities bring new Israeli reprisals. After conferring with Nasser in Cairo last week, Hussein announced stiff new limitations on the guerrillas. But he quickly backed down as battles broke out between the fedayeen and his army; one report said that 29 were killed.

EGYPT. In numerous speeches, Nasser has vowed that he will reply in kind to Israeli attacks. He has not done so, except for a few costly pinpricks. Last week, for example, four Egyptian planes, including a Sukhoi-7 bomber, were destroyed in attacks on Israeli positions. Because the MIGs that form the bulk

of Nasser's air force cannot reach Israeli cities and return to bases in Egypt, Nasser may soon seek permission to use landing strips in Jordan and Syria.

ISRAEL. Once seen as the David of the Middle East, surrounded by 100 million hostile Arabs, Israel is increasingly being transformed in the world's eyes into the Goliath, as a result of episodes like that at Abu Zabal. Yet, the Israelis ask, how were they supposed to respond when Nasser launched his war of attrition? In an acrimonious Cabinet debate last week, Foreign Minister Abba Eban proposed that Israel stop the shooting on its own, not only to scout peace possibilities but also to regain some of its lost good will. Premier Golda Meir coldly rejected the idea. One upshot of the debate has been to improve Dayan's chances of succeeding Golda. Previously, Deputy Premier Yigal Allon was thought to be first in line. With the war heating up, Golda now seems to be leaning toward Soldier Dayan as the man whose views on the fight-

AFRICA

Hunting for a Policy

"Africa," said Secretary of State William Rogers in Addis Ababa last week, "is going to be more important in the thinking of the U.S. in the future." It could scarcely be less. In the recent past, Africa has ranked at or near the bottom of every U.S. priority list. Direct economic aid totals just \$154 million this year, compared to \$52 million for Laos alone. Rogers, the first U.S. Secretary of State to visit the continent, seems determined to make some changes—provided the price is right.

"It may well be," Rogers told TIME's John Blashill as his Air Force 707 jet streaked south from Addis toward Nairobi, "that the U.S. can play a major role in channeling the African nations toward regional development—without spending too much money." Given the prevailing "no-foreign-entanglements" mood of Congress, sizable increases in U.S. aid to Africa are unlikely in any



ROGERS & HAILE SELASSIE IN ADDIS ABABA
A major role with a minor investment.

ing are most compatible with hers.

If not intolerable, the situation has thus become extremely uneasy for everybody involved. But how is it to be improved? Some U.S. officials believe that Nasser could do it simply by agreeing to a cease-fire, but that is something he has refused to do several times. Eban's idea of a unilateral Israeli cease-fire might inspire the Arabs to stop shooting, but other Israelis regard that as a very iffy proposition. Hussein could set peace talks in motion by seeking a settlement with the Israelis on his own, though it is just as conceivable that he would set nothing in motion but his own downfall. Meanwhile, the hot summer envisioned by Moshe Dayan draws nearer. The way things are going, it could even arrive by spring.

case. Thus Rogers intends to supplement aid "by looking for ways to encourage private investment."

Four Principles. Since the end of the Congo rebellion in the mid-1960s, the U.S. has been content to maintain a profile so low as to be nearly invisible. As a result, Black African feelings about the U.S. are lukewarm at best. In North Africa, however, the position is slightly different. In both Morocco and Tunisia, first and second among Africa's nations in total U.S. aid, Rogers found a definite coolness. That was largely because of the Arabs' distaste for what they see as Washington's pro-Israel policy. In Morocco, Rogers made a few polite remarks at the airport; when the microphone was passed to Foreign Minister Abdelhabib Boutaleb, he

stood to leave without a word. Said one official: "No Arab state today, even one as far removed from the actual conflict as Morocco, can afford to be too warm in its relations with the United States in these times." That point was made even more clearly in Tunis, where some 2,000 screaming students staged a five-hour anti-U.S. demonstration on the day of Rogers' arrival.

In contrast to the stormy scenes in North Africa, Rogers' welcome to Ethiopia was calm. On arriving in Addis, Rogers laid out the four basic principles on which U.S.-African policy would be based: 1) opposition to "systems based on racial discrimination"—a clear slap at the governments of South Africa, Rhodesia and the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique; 2) "deep respect for the independence and sovereignty of African nations"; 3) recognition of a "special obligation" to assist African economic development; and 4) the intent to help Africa keep out of struggles between the big-power blocs.

Rogers talked three times with Emperor Haile Selassie. The Emperor put in a strong bid for more arms, largely, he said, because the Soviets were gaining alarming influence in neighboring Somalia and the Sudan. Selassie said little of the domestic unrest that forced him to close the national university and most high schools last month. He was equally bland about the activities of the Damascus-based Eritrean Liberation Front, which is fighting to establish a separate Eritrean state in northern Ethiopia. In the past six months, the front has hijacked three Ethiopian Airlines planes and kidnapped (briefly) the U.S. consul general in the northern city of Asmara.

No Cemeteries. Perhaps the liveliest moment in Addis came when Diallo Telli, the abrasive Guinean who serves as secretary general of the Organization for African Unity, complained to Rogers that the U.S. was not helping Africa in its battle against white racism in the southern nations. He told Rogers that he had seen the American cemeteries on the battlefields of World War II, when the U.S. fought against fascism. To that, Rogers had a sharp retort. Stating that the U.S. was interested only in solving African problems by peaceful means, he added: "We hope there will be no American cemeteries in Africa in the future."

Late in the week, Rogers conferred in Nairobi with Kenyan President Jomo Kenyatta, then planned to spend the weekend watching elephants in the wild splendors of Tsavo National Park, 150 miles from the capital. "Let's not call it a day off," he told his staff. "Let's call it a fact-finding expedition." Facts, after all, are what he is looking for—and over the next stops on his ten-country, two-week trip—Zambia, the Congo, Cameroun, Nigeria, Ghana and Liberia—Rogers will be looking hard for areas in which U.S. aid can be more effectively used.

COMMUNISTS

Clampdown in the West

"Our cause is just, our objectives will be achieved—all the more quickly when our methods have been profoundly changed."

With those words, Philosopher Roger Garaudy strode defiantly from the platform of the French Communist Party's 19th Congress in Nanterre. Not one of the 960 delegates applauded. They did not expel him from the party, but when the congress ended last week Garaudy was no longer a member of either the Politburo or the Central Committee, on which he had served for 14 and 24 years, respectively. For his outspoken criticism of the Czechoslovak invasion and other Soviet ventures, France's Communists had in effect demoted one of their most distinguished leaders to

as diverse as Picasso and the Sino-Soviet dispute.

The orthodox leaders of France's Communist Party, which regularly draws 20% of the vote in Assembly elections, have become increasingly angered by Garaudy. He sees the emerging class of scientists and technicians as "a new historical bloc" that should be considered allies of the workers—a view that standard party ideologues consider dangerously revisionist. After the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, Garaudy said bitterly: "Brezhnev surpassed Stalin."

Orthodoxy Supreme. The post-Czechoslovak era has placed nearly all Western Communists in a painful dilemma. In the beginning, many party leaders hotly criticized the Soviets. Now, though most still consider the invasion a dreadful mistake, they argue that continued protest can do no good and



GARAUDY



PARTY DELEGATES VOTING AT NANTERRE
Rarer—and riskier.

the rank and file. He will probably lose even that standing, he says, when his new book is published this week. Its title: *The Whole Truth*.

In thus punishing dissent, the French were following an impulse that, in some form, has seized many Western Communist parties of late. Especially in the larger ones, the hierarchy is reasserting demands for an orthodox, centralized ideology. Open criticism is rarer—and riskier—than it has been for years.

New Bloc. Garaudy, 56, is one of the pre-eminent figures of France's intellectual left. The son of a poor Marseilles working-class family, he became a convert to the religious principles of Karl Barth and to the political ones of Karl Marx, in that order, by the age of 20. He remains a firm believer in both, and has been one of the foremost advocates of a Marxist-Christian dialogue. In attempting to reconcile the two, he applies Barth's lesson—"Whatever we say about God, it is men who say it"—to dialectical materialism. The humanism in both Christianity and Marxism, Garaudy believes, provides a meeting ground. He is the author of 22 books on subjects

should cease. Many party members, especially intellectuals, refuse to be silent; they argue that the Communists can make little headway among voters in the West as long as they remain subservient to Moscow. Nonetheless, says British Sovietologist Leopold Labedz, "the trend is toward more internal control, clamping down on heretics and making local orthodoxy supreme."

This has also been evident in the West's largest Communist party, the Italian, with 1,500,000 members and 25% of the national vote. Last June a dissident faction in the Italian party started publishing a newspaper called *Il Manifesto*, whose attacks on the leadership and demands for revolution gave Italian Communists the somewhat dubious distinction of having their own underground press. Since late last year, no fewer than 272 Communists associated with the paper have been suspended indefinitely from their party jobs. Compared with the mass purges and even executions in Western parties during Stalin's era, that may be tame stuff. But in an age when the party is striving for respectability and hoping for

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enough votes to earn a place in a governing coalition, the suppression of internal dissent can hardly help.

Intraparty strife has also troubled some of Europe's smaller parties. In Austria, the hierarchy killed a rambunctious magazine that grew increasingly critical of Soviet dogma. In Britain, where the leadership has made public peace with Moscow but remains privately critical, a pro-Kremlin faction has recently gained strength. In tiny Finland, governed by a coalition that includes the Communists, the party leadership was forced to mollify a growing, Moscow-oriented faction by criticizing the government's economic policies. The result has been to weaken the Communists' position in the coalition.

Gruesome Festival. Though London's *Observer* called the Garaudy episode a "gruesome festival of discipline," it is unlikely to cause a decrease in the size of the Communist vote in European countries; much of that support comes from disaffected groups who have no other way to register their protest. Such attempts to muzzle dissenters, however, are likely to make it difficult for the Communists to register any significant increase at the polls, especially among younger voters who are turned off by political machinations.

FRANCE

Peerless Performance

It was closing time at the Ruby Bar in Pigalle, but Roger Delfau, 32, and his chum, René Corda, 26, were far from sated. They persuaded the tall brunette barmaid, Marie-Madeleine Irbah, 25, to join them for another drink. An hour later Marie-Madeleine found herself facing a pistol in a Citroën with reclining seats, parked in a lonely forest. At daybreak, she went to the police and reported that she had been raped repeatedly. The two men were convicted, fined \$1,000 in damages, and sentenced to three years in prison.

Last week, when the verdict was appealed in a Paris court, Judge Paul Helfer seemed incredulous. "How many times were you assaulted?" he asked Marie-Madeleine. "If I told you," she replied, "you wouldn't believe me." The judge insisted, and Marie-Madeleine finally said that in an hour, she had been assaulted 18 times.

Roger demurred. "Your honor," he said, "I'm not a bull." So did Roger's attorney, Geneviève Aiche, 27, a pretty redhead. "Permit me to be skeptical," she said. "Eighteen assaults in one hour, even perpetrated by two men in relay, seem to me to be pure myth. It would have made François I, Henri IV and Louis XV jealous, and they were Kings of France. After all, where is the woman who, after 18 assaults, would have the effrontery to complain?"

Judge Helfer was impressed. Although he increased Marie-Madeleine's damages to a total of \$3,000, he suspended the defendants' sentences.

7835—GUSTO



BREZHNEV AT CENTRAL COMMITTEE MEETING IN DECEMBER

R for Russia

SINCE Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev addressed the Central Committee last December, his withering attack on the Soviet Union's shortcomings has been the No. 1 topic of discussion whenever citizens gather in private. In a two-hour, 40-minute talk, Brezhnev delivered scathing criticisms of inefficiency and mismanagement, naming names and citing specific examples of waste. Only the more general parts of the speech were reprinted in a *Pravda* editorial, but the entire blast is being read as a letter at closed party meetings.

Intellectual Sensation. Brezhnev's angry accusations have inspired thoughtful replies from a number of prominent Soviet citizens. One of the most compelling responses was circulating last week among intellectuals in Moscow. Some thought that it came from Academician Andrei Sakharov, the gifted physicist whose 10,000-word essay outlining a scenario of economic convergence between the U.S. and the Soviet Union created a sensation among intellectuals 18 months ago. Others believed that it was written by someone who knows and shares the physicist's view, though not necessarily by Sakharov himself. Sakharov was removed from work requiring security clearance after the essay had been circulated. If the new letter is Sakharov's it indicates that he still feels sufficiently independent to write an extremely candid appraisal of the current state of Soviet affairs. The text:

"Leonid Ilyich,

"Your letter, addressed to all members of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., is being read aloud at closed

party meetings. It cites certain details, unknown to the rank and file; but in general, a picture is painted which has long been known to party members as well as the whole people.

"We have known for a long time that we have lost not only the battle for the moon but the economic race as a whole; that the productivity of labor is insignificant here; that our country is turning into a raw-material-supply appendix of Europe; and that we hold out only because of our fabulous natural resources and the traditional patience of the peasants. Everyone knows that no one wants to do real work here but just shows off before his chief, that such artificial events as jubilees and anniversaries have become more important for us than real events of economic and social life.

"All this is a result of the fact that for many years we have been living in an imaginary world and are deceiving each other, and we cannot bring ourselves to face the truth at a time when other countries do not live in the clouds but build their economies in the real world and therefore are getting ahead of us still more and more. There is not a single friendly gathering at which this would not be discussed. After all, everyone knows that overlong collective self-deception leads inevitably to catastrophe. In all of Russia there is talk about it. And now—your letter.

"This is a bold and correct step on your part, and history will give you credit for it. But history will not forgive you if salvation measures do not follow the signal. And they are very simple. A cure follows from the diagnosis. The total mutual lying can be cured

only by public discussion. What amount of initiative, intellect and enthusiasm will emerge, if finally mouths are no longer gagged. Dozens of articles lie in editorial offices of magazines, dozens of books have been typed, which honestly analyze our life. All this is suppressed. Solzhenitsyn—the pride of Russian literature—was driven out of the Writers' Union. The parliament, which costs so much money, has become a blind voting machine.

"Public discussion and only public discussion can put sick Russia on the path of recovery."

Criticism and self-criticism were two of the things urged by Brezhnev in his speech, and he appears to be getting them—perhaps more than he intended. Mostly, his recommendations applied to the economic sphere, where new approaches are plainly needed to overcome the sluggish performance of recent years. After all, 1970 was the target date by which Soviet planners expected their economy to surpass that of the U.S.

The "Sakharov letter" applauds that spirit, but it also raises an intriguing question: Can the open atmosphere urged by Brezhnev for factories and planning boards be extended to other areas of Soviet life?

ALBANIA

Emulating Mao

Along among Europe's Communist countries, tiny Albania has stood steadfastly behind China in its dispute with the Soviet Union. Now it appears that there are no lengths to which the little Balkan dictatorship will not go to emulate its big brother to the east. Because of industrial and agricultural shortfalls, Communist Party Boss Enver Hoxha has decreed "a new and big fire for a chain of revolutionary undertakings in all corners of the fatherland"—in short, a "Great Leap Forward."

Since the program was launched at a party plenum in December, the official press has been full of astounding reports: a ten-mile irrigation canal was dug in the Dibra district in eight hours, 49 five-ton tractor trailers were turned out of a truck plant in twelve hours, an "assault group" cut 1,137.5 cords of wood in seven days.

The Albanians—who recently received three different Peking Cabinet delegations—have also unleashed something akin to Mao Tse-tung's Red Guards. But where Mao's obstreperous young Praetorians deliberately sought to foment anarchy as a way of reviving the regime's revolutionary spirit, Hoxha's guards have become Tirana's disciplinary watchdogs. Some purges have already begun at the district level.

Why copy a failure—and a disastrous one at that? Plainly, Hoxha is convinced that there is no other way to get Albania's tradition-oriented peasants, who comprise the bulk of the country's 2,000,000 people, to accept reforms, including the emancipation of women.

Soviet Portrait of

TO the ordinary Soviet citizen, the U.S. is a country that, as Novelist Konstantin Simonov recently wrote in *Pravda*, "willy-nilly occupies a vast amount of space in our consciousness." There are only a few ways, however, in which Russians can satisfy their hunger for information about American lifestyles firsthand: examining the few consumer products available in hard-currency shops, attending occasional educational fairs sponsored by the U.S. Information Agency, and thumbing through the cultural exchange magazine *Amerika*, which is popular despite a limited circulation of 55,000. The vast majority of reports about the U.S. appear in the Soviet Union's state-run press, and whether

discerning a "new spiritual force" and is particularly impressed by his difficulty in finding a toy water gun for a young friend. Simonov explains that a revolution against violence prompted many U.S. stores to drop toy weapons.

The most personal of the recent portraits comes from two *Pravda* journalists, Washington-based Boris Strelnikov and his editorial colleague from Moscow, Igor Shatunovsky, who traveled coast to coast on a six-week automobile tour of the U.S. In an eleven-part series under the title "America on the Right and the Left," they applaud American hospitality, motels, suburbia, telephone orders at drive-in restaurants and sky-

JEROLD SCHWETTER



MOSCOW VIEW OF U.S. PEACE MOVEMENT IN VOZNESENSKY PLAY*

they involve Pentagon plans or kitchen conveniences, they almost invariably carry at least a tacitly unfavorable comment on capitalism.

Though Soviet audiences see the U.S. mostly through the astigmatic lens of ideology, some of the picture does come through in reasonably clear focus. Despite dogma, a new sophistication prevails, most notably in the attitude that for all of America's failings, there is much to be learned from the American experience. In recent months, Soviet media have carried an unusual amount of material about the U.S.

In a wide-ranging portrait of the U.S. at the end of the 1960s, for example, Simonov finds that "Americans love their country," even though they show "indignation" against some of its policies. He contradicts the usual Soviet picture of the U.S. as a nation without ideals,

scraping construction ("The building rises by the minute, not by the day or week"). There are touches of naiveté: they believe, for example, that drive-in banks are conveniences only for businessmen. There's also plain misinformation (the series opens with Negro women sweeping a street in front of the White House, though the Washington Sanitation Department employs no female street cleaners, black or white). The most amusing tableau involves the Russians' visit to the reading room of a right-wing organization in Texas. The plump, gray-haired attendant happened to be napping when they arrived, and he woke with a jolt that turned to shock when he learned the identity of his visitors. The two *Pravda* men speculate jokingly

* The Russian-language signs read (left to right): "We Won't Strip," "Make Love Not War" and "Exploiters, Serve Yourselves."

America

that the librarian "was thinking that he had slept through some important event, maybe even an invasion."

For the most part, Strelnikov and Shatunovsky concentrate on America the Ill. Besides the problem of right-wing extremism, they examine the peace movement, the hippies and the generation gap. Some of their statements are questionable (at the Chicago conspiracy trial, they report that the jurors frequently cast "frightened glances" at Judge Hoffman). Some seem hyperbolic: black Mayor Charles Evers of Fayette, Miss., they report, "has to be guarded more than all the American mayors put together." After visiting several Indian reservations, they note that "even a comparison with hell seems insufficiently forceful." To be sure, Strelnikov and Shatunovsky describe genuine contradictions and crises in U.S. life. But overall, they offer their readers anything but a balanced view.

Interest in their series was enhanced by the fact that it was a sequel to one of the most famous opinion makers ever written in the Soviet Union. In 1935, two noted humorists, Ilya Ilf and Yevgeny Petrov, made a similar tour of the U.S. and collected their articles in a book called *Little Golden America*. Though they concluded that the Depression-ridden, gang-infested U.S. was "seriously ill," the two writers provided fascinating (to Russians) detail on American life, such as the fact that refrigerators were a commonplace home appliance. The book became an overnight sensation in Stalin's grim, prewar Russia. Showing the same vein of interest in the recent series, more than 300 readers wrote to *Pravda* requesting more information on the life of the ordinary American in 1970—what he earns, what he buys, what he reads, how he travels.

The poet's condensed images often capture a country's spirit far better than the more diffuse writings of journalists or social scientists. Theatergoers in Moscow last week were treated to one poet's view of the U.S. in a new review of songs, pantomime and poems by Andrei Voznesensky, the finest younger poet in Russia. Named *Look Out for Your Faces*, the revue is a plea for individuality and free expression, and it invokes some images of beauty in America. With an arresting metaphor, Voznesensky celebrates San Francisco:

Down there, by the hotel . . .
black limousines, in rows, like shoes,
as if the angels

had flown in a hurry
leaving their black galoshes . . .

In the most popular scene, Vladimir Vysotsky, one of Russia's most popular performers, sings a song likening technological society—and that could mean Russia or America—to a pack of dogs

hunting down a noble wolf. The song ends with a line that could become Russia's equivalent of Bob Dylan's *The Times They Are A-Changin'*: "Today's not like yesterday."

If informed thinking and writing about the U.S. are becoming more sophisticated, that is at least partly due to the two-year-old Institute of American Studies. Director Georgy Arbatov, recently writing in the first issue of the institute's journal, *U.S.A.*, finds a climate in Washington that favors "serious corrective changes" in foreign policy. The journal also contains a translation of two chapters of Theodore H. White's *The Making of a President—1968* and an article on management techniques, a subject that is coming in for increasingly unbiased study by Soviet bureaucrats.

A big seller in Moscow at present is the book *Business America*, by Nikolai Smelyakov, Deputy Minister for Foreign Trade. Smelyakov plainly admires U.S. industrial organization, expressing a bureaucrat's amazement that "the force of the spoken word" can eliminate much tiresome red tape in U.S. factories and offices. He is also impressed with American roads, and at one point exclaims: "One can write a poem about American warehouses." Though he dutifully attacks the "dollar dictatorship," he ends with an appeal that "we utilize the experience of other nations and states, including the U.S., more widely."

On a less technical level, U.S. businessmen also hold a fascination for the public at large. A new television series entitled *Rulers of the World* has so far examined U.S. Businessmen Paul Getty and Howard Hughes. Like so much else presented about the U.S., however, the programs tend to be didactic, oversimplified morality plays designed to show why the accumulation of money is immoral: Getty is accused of using his to oppress the Arab peoples, Hughes to encourage vice in Las Vegas.

The basic outline of America's official portrait in the Soviet Union is still drawn according to the rigid dictates of such party-line propaganda, flawed by stereotypes and caricatures. But the key point is that in order to deride America's wealth, as virtually every study does, Soviet writers and broadcasters must describe it in some detail. Often it is such detail that commands the real interest of Soviet audiences. In the final sentence of their *Pravda* series, Strelnikov and Shatunovsky quote their predecessors, Ilf and Petrov: "We have to see the capitalist world to appreciate anew the world of socialism." And yet, a little earlier in the same article, they candidly confess: "We must be objective. We have to admit that we said more often than we would have liked: 'We do not yet know how to do this. It would be nice to introduce it in our country.'"

BRITAIN

The Girl Without a Country

Africa's march to independence has given most of the Dark Continent back to its black majority. But it is also worsening the lot of the area's most significant nonwhite minority—the Asians of East Africa. Thousands of Indian, Pakistani and Goanese immigrants, who for many decades dominated commerce and small trade in Kenya and Uganda, could become in effect, stateless persons.

Last week their plight was cruelly dramatized by the case of Ranjan Vaid. Brought from India as a baby in 1948, the slight, bright-eyed girl spent most of her 22 years in Kenya. When Britain granted the colony independence in 1963, Ranjan was among the 120,000 Asians in Kenya who opted to retain the dark blue passport of the United



RANJAN VAID AT LONDON AIRPORT
Jumping the queue.

Kingdom. For many, it has proved an unfortunate choice. In 1968, alarmed by growing racial tensions in Britain, Parliament amended the Commonwealth Immigrants Act in an effort to stem the rising flow of Asians into the United Kingdom. The amended act granted entry permits to only 8,500 Commonwealth immigrants a year and provided a special allotment for only 1,500 British Asians (plus dependents).

In a vise. When Kenya and Uganda adopted policies of Africanization, the Asians were caught in a vise. Preference in business licensing and government jobs went to blacks, or in a few cases to Asians who had taken out Kenyan or Ugandan citizenship. Many Asians who had spent their entire lives in East Africa found, like Ranjan, that they could no longer get jobs. But neither could they emigrate to Britain.

Two weeks ago, Ranjan boarded a Lufthansa flight for London. There she

planned to join her brother Shantilal, 38, who entered Britain before the 1968 quota was imposed and now earns \$38.40 per week as an accountant. But Ranjan's name was far down on the list of some 6,000 Asians waiting for approval to enter Britain, and she was turned away by immigration officials at London's Heathrow Airport.

Then began a nightmarish, nine-day odyssey of 17,069 miles. When she sought to return to Kenya, she was refused entry. Three other countries rejected her pleas for admission. She drifted to airports in Frankfurt, Zurich, Athens, Nairobi and Johannesburg, still clad in the same lime-green sari and red cardigan she wore when she left home. She was near collapse: "I have lived on rolls and coffee for a week," she said. "I just want to go to bed and sleep."

Her situation stirred an uproar. In the House of Lords, a Laborite peeress asked scathingly if the government considered it "conducive to British prestige that holders of British passports should be wandering about the world like Flying Dutchmen." Finally, beleaguered Home Secretary James Callaghan issued Ranjan a three-month entry permit. He also warned: "I cannot promise to make it easy for those who try to jump the queue."

Others are likely to try, even though their chances of success seem slim. Second-class citizens in their adopted homelands, unwelcome in their native countries and unwanted in England, they form what Liberal M.P. David Steel called "a growing community of semi-detestable British citizens." Already plagued by inadequate housing, crowded schools and bitter competition for jobs, Britain seems unwilling to worsen the situation by relaxing its immigration laws.

EAST GERMANY

Dresden Rebuilt

In five years of war, only a handful of bombs fell on Dresden, a city celebrated by the Poet-Philosopher Herder as Germany's "Florence on the Elbe." Devoted to art and architecture and free of all but a few light industries, the city came to be known as "the safest air-raid shelter in the Reich." On Feb. 13, 1945, Dresden's virtual immunity ended in one of the worst holocausts of World War II.*

Before the last note of *Der Rosenkavalier* could be sung at Architect Gottfried Semper's century-old opera house that night, the first wave of bombers thundered over the lovely cupolas, towers and spires of the doomed city. In the next 14 hours, 1,400 British Lancasters and American Flying Fortresses dropped 3,749 tons of explosives. Some 650,000 incendiary bombs created a swirling "firestorm" that sucked everything around it into the inferno's center. Columns of smoke plumed three miles into the glowing sky as the city burned for eight nights. Corpses, some shrunk to 3 ft. by the intense, fiery heat, littered the ground. Anywhere from

* Why this seemingly pointless air raid? In his history of World War II, Churchill argues somewhat dubiously that Dresden was a "center of communications of Germany's Eastern Front." The official Royal Air Force war history says the bombing was necessary to disrupt the German retreat before the onrushing Red Army. The U.S. State Department has said that it was in response to Stalin's request for "increased aerial support." British Historian David Irving, maintains, however, that the attack was a purely political act, designed "to impress the Soviet delegation" after the Yalta talks on postwar political problems. And many Germans still feel the bombing was vengeance for the destruction of Coventry, England, on Nov. 14, 1940.

ERIC SCHALL



LUTHER STATUE BEFORE RUINED FRAUENKIRCHE
Mute reminder of a massacre.

35,000 to 135,000 civilians perished.

The city's center was 75% destroyed. Gutted ruins and smoldering rubble were all that remained of Dresden's justly renowned Baroque and Renaissance gems. Close to 200 paintings by Dutch and Italian masters were lost. Last week 150,000 people sadly commemorated the 25th anniversary of the raid with speeches in the city's Altmarkt. At 10 p.m., the exact hour the bombing began, Dresden's church bells tolled a mournful peal.

Cultural Memorial. Today Dresden's artistic monuments are finally rising again. Despite critical food and housing shortages right after the war, the East German Communist government made the restoration of Germany's Florence a top priority. Ultimately, the project will cost \$27.3 million.

After revisiting Dresden, TIME Correspondent George Taber reported: "Standing in the Theaterplatz, you see the rebuilt Hofkirche and the art gallery with the Zwinger Museum in the back. But you also see the bombed-out skeletons of the opera and the royal palace. It is not a morose but an ambivalent feeling one has in Dresden. The restoration of the old masterpieces is encouraging and uplifting, but the sight of the unreconstructed ones reminds one of the senselessness of the attack."

"Though local publications always refer to it as the 'Anglo-American bombing,' there really seems to be very little resentment against either nation. 'No, there's no hatred. We just try to forget about that whole bombing, and when you do that, you forget about who did it,' said a retired engineer. But a local journalist commented: 'We can understand the British more than the Americans because we bombed their cities.'"

The first task in the reconstruction was restoring the Baroque 18th century Zwinger (literally, the Keep). In 1946, 150 master stonemasons went to work; it took them 16 years to complete the job. Alongside the Zwinger, Semper's famous Gemäldegalerie (Art Gallery) once again exhibits Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*, twelve Rembrandts (including his *Portrait of Saskia*), 16 Rubenses, five Titians and two Vermeers. Gaetano Chiacri's Baroque 18th century Hofkirche (Court Church) is finished and used regularly for Catholic services. The old Landhaus (Statehouse), an imposing mansion reminiscent of Versailles, has been turned into a museum (see color page). The exquisite Kronentor (Crown Gate) on the moated Zwinger has been restored to its original splendor. The royal palace and the opera house are to be rebuilt by 1980.

Then there is the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), whose majestic 310-ft. dome once dominated the center of Dresden. Like Hiroshima's Industrial Promotion Hall, it will be left in ruins, a mute reminder of the thought expressed by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. in his Dresden novel, *Slaughterhouse 5*: "There is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre."



Dresden's 200-year-old Landhaus was one of nearly 30,000 buildings gutted in the 1945 fire-bombing. Its replica (below), which has been made a city museum, duplicates the old mansion.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHARL

DEUTSCHE FOTOTHEK, DRESDEN



The Kronentor, or Crown Gate, was completed in 1713 as the centerpiece of Dresden's city wall. Badly damaged during the bombing, the moated gate was completely restored after 1945.

The 100 Pipers Legend.

Our legend claims
if you sip a perfect Scotch
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That's a lot of Pipers.
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BOLIVIA

Accusing Hands

In the melodrama that followed Che Guevara's death in October 1967, no role was more bizarre than that of a bit player named Antonio Arguedas, 41, a former Bolivian Interior Minister. By his own account, Arguedas smuggled a copy of Guevara's diary out of Bolivia and into Fidel Castro's hands, then fled his country to avoid arrest. He has been involved in a cat-and-mouse struggle with Bolivian authorities ever since.

Arguedas was coaxed back to La Paz by the late President René Barrientos. In no time, Arguedas found himself on trial for "treason and espionage." Out on bail, he survived three attempts on his life. Last July he took refuge in the Mexican embassy in La Paz, and he is still there.

Adolfo Siles, who became President after Barrientos was killed in a helicopter crash, wanted to allow Arguedas to go into exile, but the military vetoed the idea. The generals' most bizarre but compelling argument was that Arguedas had possession of Guevara's severed hands. Che's hands had been preserved in formaldehyde and examined in La Paz by fingerprint experts. Nobody is sure what became of them after that. Even if they have not been destroyed, the hands could serve no further legal purpose—but they might have an enduring sentimental or superstitious value. The generals were concerned that Arguedas might have hidden the hands as well as certain tape recordings, which indicate that Che had been executed by the Bolivian armed forces, not killed in battle, as the Bolivians claimed.

Before Siles could settle the matter, the generals overthrew him. Now they are hinting that Arguedas was involved in the cocaine trade. If so, said President Alfredo Ovando Candia last week, this would "complicate Arguedas' situation." To be exact, it would subject Arguedas to a criminal trial, making him ineligible for political asylum and perhaps ensuring that his tapes and those carefully preserved hands would remain permanently out of sight.

CUBA

The Yanqui Millionaires

Aside from a few journalists and hijacked airline passengers, about the only Americans who have visited Cuba in recent years were 216 youths who journeyed there last fall, intent on helping Fidel Castro to attain his goal of a record 10 million-ton sugar harvest. Last week the 216 docked at St. John, N.B., and another 600 young militants boarded the same ship to replace them. The achievements of the first group may prove difficult to duplicate. Taking the name *Brigada Venceremos* (rough translation: the We Shall Overcome Brigade), they worked alongside Cuban workers, including, on one occasion, none other than Fidel, who is said to spend at least

four hours a day cutting cane. After nearly two months, the 216 Americans reached their goal: a harvest of 1,000,000 arrobas (about 25 million lbs.). For their efforts, they received a most ironic title, considering Cuba's emphasis on socialist orthodoxy: "the Millionaires."

LAOS

Clearing the Plain

Last fall, in a surprising reversal of form, Laotian troops backed by heavy American air support swept Communist forces off the strategically located Plain of Jars in north-central Laos. It was the first time in five years that the government had controlled the area. Last week the pro-Communist Pathet Lao and their North Vietnamese allies launched a long-awaited attempt to regain the plain.

As expected, Communist forces, including 16,000 of the 50,000 North Viet-

officials herded refugees aboard, many clutching terrified children as they leaned into the blast of the prop wash.

Communist Canteens. The refugees were mostly old men and women and small children in ragged clothes. There were few young adults; most of them are in the hills with the Pathet Lao. The refugees' eyes bore the blank, stoic look I have seen so often in the faces of peasants dispossessed by the Indo-China War, and relics of that war were everywhere. Many refugees carried standard North Vietnamese army canteens.

The final flight carried out the last 26 refugees. In 1960 the plain had supported about 150,000 people. Now after a decade of constant if relatively low-level fighting, there are no civilians left. Lat Sen's houses are empty. Abandoned dogs, forming into packs, fight over the last few scraps of food.

At Vientiane's Wattay Airport, the refugees were met by Laotian govern-

ARNOLD VOUGLIER



REFUGEES BOARDING U.S. AIRCRAFT
The new tenants may pay heavily.

name troops in Laos, quickly overran several government outposts and moved down onto the plain. In Vientiane, few observers believed the area could be held. Anticipating defeat, the government ordered the evacuation of nearly 15,000 Laotians from two airstrips on the plain to more secure locations near Vientiane. TIME Correspondent David Greenway was on the last refugee flight. His report:

All day long the big silver planes roared in over the Plain of Jars and touched down in a rooster tail of dust on the dirt strip at Lat Sen. There were Air America Caribous, C-123s and two four-engined C-130s borrowed from U.S. Air Force bases in Thailand. On some, their markings were painted over in an attempt to maintain the fiction that there is no U.S. military involvement in Laos. The engines never stopped. As doors opened, Laotian and American

ment officials, loaded onto trucks and taken to reception centers. After processing, they were trucked to riverside villages, where hastily built bamboo-and-straw buildings awaited them. There seemed to be enough food but not much else. Even so, they seemed happy to be away from the guns; some of them had been living in caves on and off for two years to escape frequent bombing and shelling. As one old woman summed it up: "It was terrible. First one side came and then the other side, and they took our children."

Bombing Zone. The chief reason for the mass removal apparently was to turn the Plain of Jars into a free bombing zone for U.S. aircraft—and the bombs are falling now. Though neither Vientiane nor Washington entertains much hope of keeping the plain out of Communist hands, they evidently plan to exact a heavy price from its incoming tenants.

PEOPLE

The distinguished gentleman was working busily in his chancellery office when the door burst open and a throng of German revelers rushed in. The *Kur-nerval* celebrators planted the Prince of Fools' plumbed cap on his head, dangled three Orders of Fools around his neck, cajoled him into singing some spirited songs and downing a glass of champagne while three comely ladies planted kisses on his head. When the festivities were over and the gang departed, it was back to business as usual for German Chancellor **Willy Brandt**.

"I came here to kick the hell out of you," a 17-year-old black youth informed conservative Cartoonist **Al Capp** during a taping session on Public Television's new teen-age talkathon, "The Show." That remark kicked off a sizzling one-hour discussion of the generation gap, with 25 youngsters v. Capp. "You're a creep," one youngster stated during the talk session. "And you're nothing but vermin," Capp retorted. When it was all over, the cartoonist recapped the confrontation by telling the kids: "I created all of you 20 years ago in my comic strips—I just didn't have any idea you were all going to come true."

After six months of rift rumors, the breakup has finally become official: come mid-May, **Chet Huntley** leaves **David Brinkley** after a 131-year association that made them the No. 1 news team in the country. Huntley is headed for Marlboro Country, something called Big Sky Inc.—"a \$13 million resort and leisure-time enterprise"—in Montana. Good night, David . . .

At a suburban supermarket in Woodbury Heights, N.J., where Universal was filming *They Might Be Giants*, a kid



WILLY BRANDT
Bubbly in office.

came up and offered Actress **Joanne Woodward** a stick of bubble gum. Joanne popped the wad into her mouth and began blowing bubbles. The wardrobe mistress couldn't have been happier: she salvaged the gooey mess and used it to mend some broken cuff links worn in the next scene.

The talk turned, as it does so often with parents these days, to marijuana. "I don't know whether my children have tried it or not," New York City's Mayor **John Lindsay** told his guest, "but I shouldn't be the least surprised if they have." His listener was Democrat **Howard Samuels**, who plans to challenge **Nelson Rockefeller** for the governorship of New York this year. And Samuels had good reason to listen, for his son, **Howard Jr.**, 17, was recently charged with possession of hashish. As for the mayor, he does not advocate legalized pot, but fatherly figures that there are "a lot of irrational laws" on the books.

Wearing a dark business suit beneath his pomp-and-circumstantial ermine-trimmed scarlet robes, **Prince Charles** last week took his seat in the House of Lords. After swearing allegiance to both his mother and himself ("Queen Elizabeth, her heirs and successors"), the prince self-consciously donned the floppy black Cap of Maintenance. Then, like any mere peer, Charles retreated backstage and bummed a cigarette.

Letter to the *Times* of London:
"Sir: My husband, T.S. Eliot, loved to recount how late one evening he stopped a taxi. As he got in, the driver said: 'You're T.S. Eliot.' When asked

how he knew, he replied: 'Ah, I've got an eye for a celebrity. Only the other evening I picked up **Bertrand Russell**, and I said to him: 'Well, Lord Russell, what's it all about?' And, do you know, he couldn't tell me."

Yours faithfully,
Valerie Eliot"

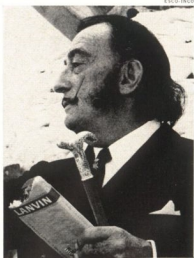
"It astounds me that we have progressed so far in sexuality that ultimately Rudi Gernreich's unisexual concept should be as asexual as the Virgin birth." Added Episcopal Priest **Malcolm Boyd**, a worldly and sometimes irreligious religious: "It's ending up to be the same bag."

Since his current bestseller is a solemn tale about the evils of suppressing literature, it is surprising to find Novelist **Irving Wallace** engaged in doing exactly that. Brandishing a temporary injunction against Olympia Press, the jaunty bad boys of publishing, Wallace charges that their new paperback porn book, *The Seven Minutes*, by a pseudonymous J J Jadway, threatens his own \$7.50 best-seller of the same name. It just so happens that the plot of Wallace's book centers on the obscenity trial of a hot item he calls *The Seven Minutes* by a mysterious J J Jadway. "There is no J J Jadway except the one I created in my mind," Wallace charges. Life follows art?

To the heroic strains of the second movement of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, **Salvador Dali**, gilded cane perched jauntily in one hand and a chocolate bar in the other, shimmers into view. Voraciously, he rips off the wrapper and enthusiastically devours the chocolate. "*Je suis fou, je suis complètement fou—du Chocolat Lanvin*," swears Dali. Well, he is not quite mad. For his candy commercial on French TV, the surrealist picks up a realistic \$10,000.



JOANNE WOODWARD
Bubbles in time.



SALVADOR DALI
Burbles au chocolat.



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It was hot."**

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Helping people build a better life

THE EQUITABLE

THE LAW

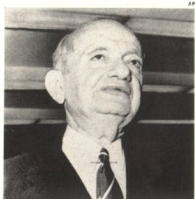
The Chicago Trial: A Loss for All

AFTER five months of insult to the judicial process, the trial of the Chicago Seven ended. A glassy-eyed jury of ten women and two men retired to ponder whether the defendants were guilty of "conspiracy to incite" the riots that bloodied Chicago streets during the 1968 Democratic Convention. Appeals may go on for years. However, the grotesque trial went far beyond the question of whether seven assorted radicals actually started the melees. The real issue was the integrity of U.S. law in times of traumatic dissent. The defendants' outrageous antics in court obscured that issue.

The decision to prosecute was dubious from the start. The Seven were the first to be charged under the 1968 federal anti-riot law. Based on the "outside agitator" explanation for ghetto riots, the statute made it a federal crime (punishable by a \$10,000 fine, five years' imprisonment, or both) to cross state lines with intent to incite, organize or participate in a riot. The law defined a riot as any public disturbance involving as few as three people and one act of violence endangering any other person or property.

"Police Riot." When the law was first proposed, the then Attorney General Ramsey Clark testified against it, underscoring the view of many legal scholars that its blunderbuss language was constitutionally questionable and might pose a threat to legitimate political activity. One major concern: a jury might infer that the organizers of a peaceful demonstration had riotous intentions even if hecklers or militants started a ruckus. After the convention, Clark refused to invoke the new law despite Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's contention that itinerant "terrorists" had caused the tumult.

Clark was impressed with the findings of an investigation headed by Lawyer Daniel Walker, then the Mafia-fighting president of Chicago's crime commission. The Walker Report agreed that some demonstrators had provoked the Chicago police. However, its conclusion was that "the vast majority of the demonstrators were intent on expressing their



JUDGE JULIUS HOFFMAN
Battle between two cultures.

dissent by peaceful means," and that the eruption had in effect been a "police riot." Clark ordered a federal grand jury in Chicago to begin investigating possible federal law violations by overreacting policemen.

Sample Insurgents. "If the new Administration prosecutes the demonstrators," Clark said, "it will be a clear sign of a hard-line crackdown" on dissent. Shortly thereafter, Richard Nixon's new Attorney General, John Mitchell, authorized the U.S. Attorney in Chicago, Thomas Foran, to add demonstration leaders to the grand jury's agenda. In March, the grand jury indicted a balanced ticket: eight policemen, eight radical radicals.

Seven officers were charged under an 1866 law (maximum penalty: one year in prison, \$1,000 fine) that forbids public officials to inflict summary punishment. The eighth was accused of perjury for denying that he had struck anyone. All eight policemen have since been tried and acquitted. The eight radicals, charged with violating as well as conspiring to violate the far stiffer anti-riot law, represented virtually every brand of insurgency that challenged U.S. politics in the 1960s. Tom Hayden and Rennie Davis were among the founders of Students for a Democratic Society. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin typified the anarchistic yippies (Youth In-

ternational Party). David Dellinger was a prominent pacifist; John Froines and Lee Weiner were antiwar academics. Bobby Seale was national chairman of the Black Panthers.

Planned Violence. The trial took place under the eye of a 74-year-old judge with a penchant for becoming personally involved in the matters before him. U.S. District Judge Julius Hoffman, no kin to Abbie, refused to delay the trial for seven weeks so that Black Panther Seale could be represented by his regular lawyer, Charles Garry, then about to be hospitalized. When Seale repeatedly shouted for the right to defend himself, Hoffman had him bound and gagged, and eventually handed him a four-year sentence for contempt. The judge severed Seale's case, thus reducing the Chicago Eight to the Seven. Time and again, Hoffman ruled out evidence that Defense Attorneys William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass tried to present, including the testimony of Ramsey Clark. The wranglings forced Hoffman to send the jury from the courtroom so often that it did not hear roughly a third of what went on.

Under the blurry federal conspiracy doctrine, Foran had to show only that before the defendants got to Chicago they had knowingly agreed to incite riots, and that after they got there one of them had done something about it. The star prosecution witnesses were four undercover agents, who said that the Seven had planned violence before the convention, and that several threw rocks at police cars, purchased materials for fire and stink bombs, and made inflammatory speeches urging the crowds to march without permits and "kill the pigs."

To dramatize their defiance, the defendants played guerrilla theater. When Judge Hoffman refused to let them bring a birthday cake into the courtroom for Bobby Seale, Rennie Davis yipped: "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake." Yippie Hoffman, brutally playing on the judge's sensitivities as a fellow Jew, cried: "You are synonymous with Adolf Hitler." Dellinger peered at a testifying prosecution witness and said "Bull----"—provoking a scuffle in which two spectators were arrested. No matter how dubious the law under which they were tried, no matter how antagonistic the judge, the defendants were striking at the U.S. legal system, which



RUBIN

HAYDEN

WEINER

FROINES

HOFFMAN

DELLINGER

DAVIS

Insult to the judicial process.

ENVIRONMENT

can work only under at least a minimal observance of civilized rules. "People keep saying it's too bad that we don't behave so there can be a clear decision on the legal issues," declared Abbie Hoffman. "But this trial is not about legal niceties. It's a battle between a dying culture and an emerging one."

New Disrespect. Kunstler promised appeals to test his belief, shared by some legal experts, that Judge Hoffman's procedural strictures made a fair trial impossible. Other legal scholars felt that Hoffman's errors were less legal than strategic. Granted, the provocations were horrendous; but by falling for the defendants' obnoxious baiting, they said, the judge had compounded the impression of unfairness given by the original decision to prosecute. Even so, if the defendants have indeed provoked Hoffman into reversible errors, an appeals court might consider no further issues, thus, ironically, sustaining the anti-riot law's probable "chilling effect" on all demonstrations. The defendants' antics have outraged many Americans who now deplore dissension more than ever. At the same time, the trial has tragically convinced many young people that the U.S. judicial system is a tool for "repressing" dissent. Hostility toward the courts has already reached New York and Washington, where Black Panthers and anti-war clergymen have tried to turn their trials—for more palpable offenses than those committed by the Chicago defendants—into similar arenas.

After more than 20,000 pages of testimony by 77 witnesses for the prosecution and 113 for the defense, Judge Hoffman instructed the weary jurors: "If you find that a conspiracy existed and that during it one of the alleged overt acts was committed by a member of that conspiracy, that is sufficient to find all members of the conspiracy guilty. When persons enter the unlawful agreement, they become agents for one another." He added: "You must not be influenced by any antagonism you may feel for the defendants' hair style . . . or life-style."

Virtually before the door had closed behind the jury, Hoffman started making his own feelings clear by charging the defendants—and their lawyers—with "reprehensible" contempt of court. He apparently hoped to evade a recent Supreme Court decision that requires jury trials for contempt charges involving long sentences. Consequently, Hoffman handed out a series of small sentences to run consecutively. Turning to Dellinger, the judge cited the pacifist for 32 separate offenses, sentenced him to a total of 29 months and 16 days in jail, and denied bail during his appeal. Amid angry cries from Dellinger's lawyers and tearful daughters, Hoffman ordered: "Mr. Marshall, take this man into custody." He then followed suit with all the others. By that time the jury's verdict, whatever it might be, hardly seemed to matter.

Nixon Starts the Cleanup

In a special message to Congress last week, President Nixon began to battle in earnest for protection of the U.S. environment. His previous talk about the problem had sounded somewhat hollow. Even his new Council on Environmental Quality had appeared toothless; his recent ban on pollution by federal facilities seemed unenforceable. By sharp contrast, the President's message last week contained 14 executive orders and 23 requests for legislative acts. Tough, direct and specific, it surprised all White House watchers.

It was also a political master stroke that cut through dozens of Democrat-sponsored environmental bills already

the local bonds that cities with poor credit cannot sell on the open market."

Despite his usual advocacy of strong state and local government, Nixon asked Congress to set nationwide federal standards for air and water purity. Reason: Pollution is "no respecter of political boundaries." He also proposed faster federal legal procedures to penalize industrial and municipal polluters, set fines for persistent offenders at a maximum \$10,000 a day, and called for new power to obtain court injunctions forcing polluters to stop operations completely.

No More Lead. While Detroit winced, Nixon focused on the automobile, which causes at least half of U.S. air pollution. He directed the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to es-



"WELL, IT MAY HAVE BEEN EASIER TO START WITH, BUT WHAT DID YOU EVER DO ABOUT IT?"

proposed or on the books. In effect, the President said that no one is yet certain how to cure all pollution, but that his Administration will now seek the best available answers. Wherever conflicting interests arise—for example, between agricultural pollution and productivity—Nixon called for thorough study by the Council on Environmental Quality. His Democratic critics felt co-opted, to say the least. As one Senate staff expert put it: "We recognize a lot of the proposals as our own. But there's no use whining; we ought to support the program."

\$10,000 a Day. Nixon's message, under preparation for six months, was clearly knowledgeable. Instead of attacking water pollution in individual localities, for example, the President considered whole river-basin systems. He pledged \$4 billion in federal funds over the next five years to help municipalities build 1,500 new sewage-treatment plants and improve 2,500 existing facilities. The towns and cities will have to raise another \$6 billion in matching funds, but they can expect assistance from a new Environmental Financing Authority. If Congress approves, this agency will issue its own federal bonds to buy

establish new standards to control auto emissions in 1973 and 1975 models. One proposal for meeting these standards: remove lead additives from gasoline. As a result, automakers will have to reduce engine horsepower, and gasoline will cost more (see BUSINESS). But the rules will reduce the toxic substances that autos now spew into the U.S. air each year—notably 350 million pounds of lead, 12 million tons of hydrocarbons and 66 million tons of carbon monoxide.

"Few of America's eyesores are so unsightly as its millions of junk automobiles," continued the President. He noted that it is now cheaper to abandon old cars in city streets and fields than to take them to wreckers. A possible solution, Nixon said, would be to include the cost of disposing of a car in its purchase price—which would entail yet another increase in the cost of a car.

Turning to problems of land conserva-

* One flaw: the federal agency probably could not override state, regional or local bonding statutes. In consequence, any municipality that reached the legal limit of its bonding capacity might still be unable to build even desperately needed treatment plants.

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tion, the President called for an inventory of all 750 million acres of federally owned property. He wants to review which holdings should be opened up as parks and recreational areas and which should be sold so that other lands may be purchased for the public weal.

Room for Criticism. Despite the President's vigorous tone and concrete proposals, the message invited some criticism. No mention was made of the danger of oil pollution from proliferating offshore wells, or the environmentally absurd SST, with its sonic boom and probable pollution of the stratosphere. Nixon offered no proposals for curbing exhaust from the 83 million old cars now on the roads. Moreover the President paid little attention to the key problem of enforcement. Last fall, for example, the Federal Government announced that DDT must soon be phased out of use in the U.S. But delaying actions by farmers and manufacturers are likely to keep the persistent pesticide in use for years to come.

Despite such shortcomings, the President's message highlights the complex issues that Americans now must confront. At the very least, it should serve to tell skeptics that environmental problems are real, and will not just go away. If Congress responds, the U.S. can begin coherent action on a scale that few dreamed possible even a month ago.

Globe's Mystery

In Arizona last June, a U.S. Forest Service helicopter set out to spray the parched Pinal Mountains with potent herbicides—mainly one called Silvex, plus small quantities of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Purpose of the spraying operation: to preserve precious water for people by killing water-consuming vegetation. Unfortunately, instead of being mixed with diesel oil, the defoliants were mistakenly applied with water, which quickly evaporates in the arid area. As a result, they were especially toxic. Worse, the helicopter strayed over the copper-mining town of Globe (pop. 6,000), the far outskirts of which were soon covered with a fine white mist.

Although Globe residents had lived easily with the Forest Service's spraying program since 1965, they were outraged when backyard vegetation recently began to wither. Then eggplants turned as orange as pumpkins. Pumpkins turned as black as charcoal. And desert yucca, which normally grows as straight as a telephone pole, developed S curves.

Lurking Spies. Outrage became an ecological crusade when some of the people who were exposed to the spray began to have odd complaints. Mrs. Willard Shoecraft, about 50, suffered chest pains, shortness of breath, repeated vaginal bleeding and numbness of her hands and legs. Robert McCray, 33, had some of the same symptoms; his infant son nearly died. At least half a dozen other families experienced stom-

ach upsets after the spraying. Robert McKusick, 39, says that 60% of the kids in his small goat herd have been born dead or deformed in the past two years.

Is Silvex—or any other defoliant—the real culprit? Globe's veterinarian insists that he has noticed nothing out of the ordinary in local animals. Doctors too are puzzled. Says one: "I keep trying to see the relationship between the spraying and the illnesses, but I have simply not found anything." Says another: "Old troubles have been given new names."

The doctors may be right. James Andrews, 39, describes in detail his three-year history of strange illnesses. But the closest he has ever been to the herbicide is 50 yards from a Ranger sta-

RAYMOND ZELEVANSKY



MRS. SHOECRAFT & POISONED PLANT
Where is the real Dr. Epstein?

tion where, he says, "I was told they had two cans of it." Mrs. Shoecraft is convinced that her phone is being tapped, her mail opened, her every movement watched by lurking spies.

Paranoid Outburst. To find out just what was happening, a group from Environmental Action in Washington, D.C., visited Globe. With them was Dr. Samuel Epstein, a distinguished expert on herbicides from the Harvard Medical School. The group ended up perplexed—and incredulous. Some of the Silvex-touched residents tried to check on Dr. Epstein's credentials by telephoning Harvard. In a paranoid outburst, others accused the investigators of being impostors, really representatives of chemical manufacturers in clever disguise. The real Dr. Epstein, they said, had died six years ago. To look further into the mystery, eight Government scientists left for Globe early this week. So far, only one thing seems clear: environmental concern can do odd things to some people's minds.

The Killer from Lassa

"The discovery of a new disease is always exciting," Dr. John D. Frame told the New York Society of Tropical Medicine, "especially when it proves to be as contagious, lethal and apparently widespread as Lassa fever." Such adjectives, coming from a Columbia University professor, sounded unscientifically hyperbolic. In fact, they represented an understatement of the facts. When Dr. Frame, an assistant professor of tropical medicine at Columbia, reported his findings late last month, Lassa fever had already proved so deadly that one of the world's most expert virologists had fallen ill of the disease, a lab assistant and two nurses had died of it, and research with the virus had been abandoned until more exacting safety precautions could be devised.

Frame has been concerned for 17 years with the medical care of missionaries, many of them working in Africa. He has been struck repeatedly by the number reported each year to have died from fever of unknown origin, despite proper treatment for such diseases as malaria and typhus. Frame suspected that some of these mysterious fevers might be caused by still unrecognized viruses, so he arranged to get blood specimens from returning missionaries and from sick missionaries still in Africa. His reasoning: the viruses would have left indelible footprints, in the form of antibodies, in their victims' blood.

Chain Reaction. Frame arranged to have the blood serums tested for antibodies at the Yale Arbovirus* Research Unit. There Dr. Jordi Casals found the footprints of several arboviruses, but nothing exciting happened until last winter. Then the excitement came in an explosive chain reaction.

At Lassa, a sun-baked herdsman's village (pop. 1,000) in western Nigeria, Nurse Laura Wine of the Church of the Brethren Mission fell ill. She suffered fever and pain in her joints, and developed small red blotches on her skin and ulcers in her throat and mouth. Nurse Wine was flown to a larger mission hospital at Jos, in central Nigeria. There she died within 30 hours, but not until Nurse Charlotte Shaw had used her finger and a swab to cleanse the mouth ulcers. Nurse Shaw had nicked her finger earlier in the day while cutting roses. Although she had bandaged it and used an antiseptic, she fell ill soon after treating Nurse Wine. Her symptoms were as various as they were baffling. Dr. Jeanette Troup drew a blood specimen, to be frozen and sent with Nurse Wine's to

* A telescoped designation for arthropod-borne viruses—those transmitted by mosquitoes and other insects.

Dr. Frame, Head Nurse Lily Pinneo cared for her, but within eleven days Nurse Shaw was dead. Three days after that, Nurse Pinneo fell ill. She had throat ulcers, and her fever rose to 103°.

Dr. Troup determined to get Miss Pinneo to New York for treatment and, she hoped, a definite diagnosis. En route, the patient spent four days in a pest-house in Lagos. Then Dorothy Davis bravely volunteered to nurse her during the journey to New York. Dr. Frame was alerted about her arrival; so were Dr. John Baldwin and other physicians, who arranged for her admission to Presbyterian Hospital under conditions of the strictest isolation.

Nurse Pinneo was treated first for malaria, but within 24 hours of admission her temperature had soared to 107°. To

treatment was effective, but Patient Casals was more fortunate than his predecessors. Nurse Pinneo was convalescing, and there should still be antibodies in her blood. She flew to New York and gave two pints of blood. The cells were returned to her veins; only the plasma, containing gamma globulin with its antibodies, was given to Casals by transfusion. The technique was highly effective; he recovered in a few days.

A Yale lab technician, Juan Roman, was less fortunate. He had not worked directly with the Lassa serums or infected mice, so when he visited relatives in York, Pa., over Thanksgiving and fell ill, no one suspected the mystery virus. Roman died. Later, when his serum revealed that he had somehow been infected with the dread fever,

wafted into the air by dust when the droppings are swept away.

Last week, while such points were still only speculation, the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta announced that it was setting up a special isolation laboratory, in which the strange and deadly disease can be studied. There appeared to be good reason for haste. From the mission hospital at Jos came reports of an influx of patients, some dying, with symptoms that closely matched those of the "new" Lassa fever.

The Price of a Trip?

"At birth the infant was limp. She died with severe respiratory distress at the age of nine hours. The infant weighed 5 lbs. She had a sloping forehead, poorly differentiated, low-set ears, a broad nose with prominent bridge, and bilateral epicanthic folds. A slight fatty hump was noted at the nape of the neck. Both hands had simian creases. The left hand had four fingers (thumb and three fingers); a rudimentary sixth finger was attached to the right hand. The right foot showed a slight deformity. A roentgenogram taken after death showed eleven pair of thin ribs, absence of part of the sacrum, and dislocation of both hips..."

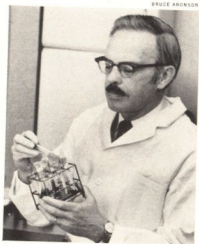
The unfortunate infant described in the *Journal of the A.M.A.* was born with equally severe internal problems. An autopsy showed that she had an enlarged right heart, two holes in the walls dividing the chambers of the heart, and a long catalogue of abnormalities involving the kidneys, lungs, liver, pancreas, digestive tract and genitalia. What had caused her horrible deformation?

The Mount Sinai School of Medicine doctors who reported the case, Lillian Y. Hsu, Lotte Strauss and Kurt Hirschhorn, found that the infant's cells contained an abnormal chromosome that was made up of two joined chromosomes. This extra chromosomal material had garbled the genetic message. Similar abnormalities are occasionally transmitted to a child from a parent who has no history of possible genetic damage from radiation or other causes. In those rare cases, the parent's body cells contain the defective chromosome; it is an inherited abnormality. But no such chromosome was found in the body cells of either the father or the mother of the deformed infant. Something must have happened during the parents' lifetime to change the chromosomes in their germ cells, either the father's sperm or the mother's ova—most likely the ova. That something may well have been identified by the Mount Sinai doctors. The mother, the doctors found, had taken three doses of LSD nine months before her infant was conceived. The father had taken two doses a few years earlier.

"While coincidence cannot be excluded," say the doctors, "the possibility of chromosome damage to germ cells by LSD, with production of abnormal offspring, must be emphasized."



CASALS (LEFT) & COLLEAGUES



FRAME

Footprints in the blood.

get that fiery fever down, the doctors put her in an oxygen tent and packed her in ice. Her sister, Rose Pinneo, a nursing instructor at the University of Rochester, flew down to care for her. Lily Pinneo was dehydrated and had to have her fluid balance restored. Then her chest cavity filled with fluid and had to be punctured and drained. She developed pneumonia. Even after her throat ulcers had cleared, she could swallow only a few sips, and for five weeks had to be fed intravenously. In nine weeks in the hospital, the nurse-patient lost 28 lbs. and almost all her hair. But, unlike the first two victims, she somehow survived the ordeal.

Patient's Plague. In his Yale laboratory, Dr. Casals was busy with the three nurses' blood serums. Using extreme precautions and working with two other expert virologists, he cultured a virus from the serums and injected it into mice. The adult mice died. Then in June, Casals fell ill. His first symptoms did not suggest what Frame had now christened Lassa fever. But at Presbyterian Hospital this diagnosis was confirmed. What to do? No known

Casals decided that it would be wise to call a halt to Lassa research in the Yale laboratory.

No one can yet be sure whether Lassa virus belongs to Casals' favorite group of arboviruses. It is related, he suggests, to a virus that causes a devastating Bolivian hemorrhagic fever (*TIME*, July 19, 1963). Whatever its nature, it may be widespread in sub-Saharan Africa, but relatively unknown to authorities because natives die of it in the bush without seeking medical aid.

Where does the virus live, and how is it transmitted? No one knows, but Frame's serum collection offered a clue. It contained a Lassa-positive specimen from Carrie Moore, who had a similar illness in Guinea, 1,500 miles west of Lassa, when she worked there as a teacher in 1965. Although Mrs. Moore recovered, her fever left her stone-deaf. Her quarters, she recalls, were infested with mice that left their droppings all over her room and the kitchen. Nurse Pinneo also remembers mice droppings in the mission hospital at Jos. If mice are indeed carriers of the disease, the virus may well be

THE PRESS

See Lennie Run

Among other things, Leonard Lyons has loaned Sophia Loren his thermal underwear; buys his hats from Lock's of London; once beat Ernest Hemingway in a nose-measuring contest; purposely keeps his gold Bulova set eight minutes fast; dined alone with the Trumans their last night in the White House; can get away without tipping hat-check girls at New York's In-most restaurants; introduced Two-Ton Tony Galento to Noel Coward and Marc Chagall to Richard Nixon. Leonard Lyons also is the last syndicated celebrity columnist who does all his own legwork.

Lyons has been legging it for 35 years. He broke in during the gossip column's heyday: among New York's reign-

sounds like Alice's white rabbit: "I'm late, I'm late."

Within minutes, he is sprinting to the Algonquin, where he table-hops counterclockwise, pausing for quick chats with Norman Mailer and Bruce Catton. Lyons, who has a law degree from St. John's University (it was Sylvia who talked him into giving up law for newspapering), stops to say hello to a judge or two. But his eyes keep flicking ahead.

Lyons dodges crosstown traffic en route to The Ground Floor, where he pauses with Producer Joe Levine. "What about the Andy Wyeth show at the White House?" Lyons wants to know. "How many paintings have you got in?" Levine doesn't want to discuss it—"Don't want to blow my invitation." Says Lyons: "I

hard candies in the bowl near the door—one for himself, one "in case I meet somebody."

A behind-schedule glance into La Grénoise, and Lyons is off to the Côte Basque: Hurok's come and gone, but there's Artur Rubinstein, who puffs a long Havana and says his wife cooked Polish chicken for an after-concert gathering the night before. Out comes Lyons' black lizardskin notebook and tiny gold pencil. A few cryptic notes, and he is off to Le Pavillon and, finally, the Four Seasons. The latter has a coat hook marked Mr. LYONS. A coat is already there. "Who's been hanging their coat on my hook?" In his consternation, Lyons, of all things, fails to recognize a celebrity: John Updike, sporting a new beard.

On File, Lyons rushes downtown to the New York Post, where he runs his notes through a battered Royal. Somewhere amid the clutter of his small office is the famous Lyons card file: every time someone is mentioned in his column, the date and a key word or phrase are entered on his card. A card is good for about 20 entries. Then another card, and another. George Jessel, Barbara Streisand and John Lindsay all have 22 cards. J.F.K., R.F.K. and E.M.K. have, respectively, 47, 18 and five. Harry Truman leads the pack with 70.

Lyons is small and frail-looking; on the rush-hour subway home to West 81st Street, he is just another strap-hanger. He demonstrates his own unrecognizability by spotting people reading "The Lyons Den" and saying to them, just before he gets off the train, "Not a bad column." Sylvia is always home to greet him, and if she sees lipstick on his cheek, she knows he's having a good day. "I figure Charles Revson kissed him," she says.

Counting Olives. A quick nap, a bath, a change of clothes, dinner at home. Lyons is ready for his nightly round of clubs and restaurants. At "21," he notes: "There's a recession—only three Rolls-Royces outside." He drops in on *Fiddler on the Roof* for the "80th time—and each time I cry." At the Plaza's Oak Room, Non-Drinker Lyons walks past the bar: "You can tell how good business is by how many olives are left."

Lyons is home for good around 2:30. In pajamas, Japanese silk robe and needlepoint slippers, he writes his column in about two hours: a Post messenger has been waiting in the lobby. And so to bed. At noon, Lyons wakes up and hits the floor running...

Frank Fasi Fights Fiercely

To his detractors, he is "Facile" Frank Fasi, an arrogant gutfighter who shoots from the lip and to hell with the consequences. To his supporters, he is Mayor Fasi of Honolulu, a dedicated public servant battling an impacted Establishment. These days, Frank Fasi, 49, is easier to talk about than read about: since last July, the mayor has



LYONS AS STRAPHANGER

Celerity in the celebration of celebrity.



INTERVIEWING RUBINSTEIN

ing tyrants were Walter Winchell, Damon Runyon, Mark Hellinger, Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol, John Chapman. "I was at the bottom of the pile," says Lyons, "so I went out and started digging up my own news." He has seen the name-dropping column go through a steady decline, but the rise of Suzy Knickerbocker is a sign that people still long for columns that celebrate celebrity. There will always be newspaper readers, says Lyons, "whose appetites are for kings and stars and villains and dog biters." To satisfy those appetites, he forages six days a week, following an incredibly intricate and precisely plotted daily routine.

Counterclockwise. At noon, Lyons wakes up and hits the floor running. "He has an internal clock," says Wife Sylvia, "and the alarm is always on. We should have a fire pole in our room." TIME Correspondent Jill Kremenitz jogged along with Lyons on his recent rounds. After a light breakfast (juice, coffee, Rice Krispies), the legman is off to Sardi's, the first stop on a whirlwind tour of mid-Manhattan's choicest restaurants. Already he

have my own sources." Levine: "Who do you know at the White House, the President?" Lyons: "Exactly."

Muffed Point. At Toots Shor's, Lyons nods to Peter Duchin ("He's three months older than my oldest son") and sits down for precisely one minute with Ray O'Connell and Paul Screvane. On the way to "21," Lyons talks briefly about his work and public image. "People only think I'm a nice guy because I don't give them away. I don't think it's my professional duty to break up marriages." Occasionally he muffs the point of an anecdote, or scrambles a story's details. No matter. As Critic John Mason Brown once put it: "Lyons' ear may be defective, but his heart never misses a beat."

Upstairs at "21," Angier Biddle Duke, gauze-wrapped lemon wedge in hand, is poised over a plate of blue-points, but stops in mid-squeeze to greet Old Friend Lennie. Quick kisses from salad-eating ladies, then Lyons darts downstairs again to say hello to Walter Cronkite, who is lunching with Dinah Shore. On his way out, Lyons helps himself to two of the

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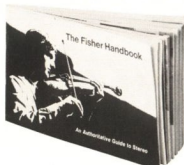


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barred all interviews between his administration and the reporters from Hawaii's largest newspaper, the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*.

The feud began in the fall of 1968, when Fasi, a onetime junk dealer and perennial political campaigner, was making his fourth attempt to win the mayoralty. Both newspapers, the morning *Advertiser* (circ. 72,000) and the evening *Star-Bulletin* (circ. 123,000), endorsed his opponent. In one issue, the *Bulletin* ran a photographic view of Honolulu's memorial to the battleship *Arizona*, marred by junked automobiles on property incorrectly identified as leased to Fasi. The candidate seethed. He seethed again when the paper enjoined its readers to "Wake Up Hawaii—Vote Republican" beneath a full-page advertisement for Democrat Fasi.

Banned Reporters. The feisty mainland (born in Connecticut) won the election by 16,000 votes. By March, after the *Bulletin* criticized several Fasi proposals, the mayor went on TV to denounce the paper and urge his constituents to read the *Advertiser*, "if you want the straight reporting." In June, the mayor barred a *Bulletin* reporter, whom he considered hostile, from his office. A month later, after a *Bulletin* series implied collusion between Fasi and a contractor who had won city permission to advertise on the envelopes of civic-center tickets, Fasi banned all *Bulletin* reporters from all administration offices.

The *Advertiser* sided with the *Bulletin*, saying that the ban "interferes with the public's right to know." The American Civil Liberties Union and the American Society of Newspaper Editors, among others, objected on the same grounds. Unfazed, Fasi departed on a worldwide good-will tour, refusing interviews to Associated Press reporters along the way, because the *Bulletin* subscribes to that wire service. "I was elected to represent all of the people in the community," says Fasi, "not just the chairman of the board or the editor of the *Star-Bulletin*."

With the ban still in effect last week, Honolulu's Democrat-controlled city council unanimously adopted a resolution "strongly reaffirming its deep faith in the freedom of the press and the free flow of information," and deploring "any restrictions, especially from government." Unless the mayor rescinds the ban, the feud will probably be resolved in the courts this spring. In the meantime, the newspaper and the mayor continue, as State Senator David McClung puts it, "to peck away at each other like a pair of outraged myna birds. Neither is doing the job that should or could be done for our people." All the same, the mayor's popularity appears to be rebounding. A telephone poll by local TV station KGMB indicated that only 1 out of 4 citizens approved of Fasi's actions in October. In a similar poll last week, however, approval of the mayor had climbed to 37%.



I think women
are inferior to men.

I think women
got no business
votin' or smokin'.

I think I just
swallowed a seed.

Too bad
he wasn't
eating avocados.

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RELIGION

Priests and Nuns: Going Their Way

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—the Rite of Ordination

THE Vatican last week announced that all Catholic priests would henceforth be asked to make an annual public affirmation of their vows of celibacy and obedience. The day chosen for this oath was Holy Thursday—the feast day that, in Roman Catholic theology, commemorates Christ's founding of the priesthood. Obliquely, the decree was yet another negative answer from Rome to the Dutch Pastoral Council (TIME, Jan. 19), which last month advocated optional celibacy for priests. On a deeper level, the proposal was a nervous, defensive papal response to a more enduring crisis: the most notable mass defection of priests (and nuns) from the service of the church since the Reformation.

Honest Rebellion

History's most famous priestly rebel, Martin Luther, proudly uttered his defiance of church authority—"Here I stand; I can do no other"—before the Diet of Worms. With an equivalent sense of drama, some of today's priests-in-exodus have proclaimed their departures at televised press conferences or in defiant, soul-searching manifestoes. But whether their departures are public or private, the vast majority are in honest rebellion against what they feel is an authoritarian, outmoded church organization that unfairly limits their freedoms and responsibilities and frustrates their desire to serve God by serving man. Catholics are not alone in experiencing

this problem. Increasingly, U.S. Protestants are losing ministers as well, often for similar reasons; as many as 3,000 Protestant clergymen are leaving U.S. pulpits every year.

"We have been born in an important age full of kaleidoscopic experiments, adventures and clashes," writes Nikos Kazantzakis in *Report to Greco*, "not only between the virtues and the vices, as formerly, but rather—and this is the most tragic of all—between the virtues themselves." All too many of the priests and nuns who are turning in their collars and habits today find themselves caught between the passive virtue of obedience to an ancient, troubled structure and the active virtue of creative response to a turbulent world.

No one knows exactly how many religious have jumped over the wall—partly because it is so easy today for a priest, nun or brother simply to take a leave of absence and never return. One Vatican official estimates that 6,500 nuns (out of 1,175,000 worldwide) left last year alone. As for priests, the Vatican acknowledges that it has on file at least 10,000 requests from priests asking to be dispensed from their vows, and there are undoubtedly thousands more who have left without asking at all. In the U.S. alone, an organization called Bearings for Re-Establishment, which helps former priests, ministers and other religious find their way into the secular world, handles about 165 new priest-clients each month—2,000 per year—and this may be less than half of the total number in the U.S. who leave.

Even these disturbing figures do not

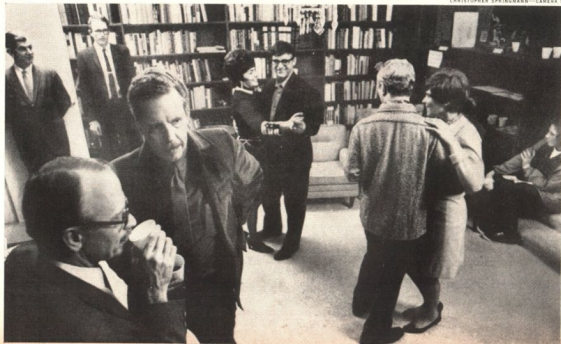
adequately show the depth of the church's clerical crisis. In the past three years, the world population of Catholics has increased by 13,800,000—but there are fewer and fewer replacements for the priests and nuns who leave. Vatican statistics indicate that the number of seminarians dropped from 167,000 in 1964 to 147,000 last year. Across the U.S., hundreds of financially hard-pressed parochial schools are closing, partly because they do not have enough teaching nuns to stay open. Five years ago there was one priest for every 1,380 Catholics, worldwide; today the ratio is one for every 1,435.

Spies, Not Battalions

The Roman Catholic Church, of course, has always suffered defections from the ranks of its vow-bound servants. But in the past those who left usually went as single spies, not in battalions. The best-known rebels were usually heretics like Luther or prophets ahead of their time, like Hugues Félicité Robert de Lamennais, the 19th century activist French priest whose political liberalism prefigured modern Christian Democratic movements in Europe. Some left in shame, branded as social or spiritual misfits. Others were simply embittered by their personal experience in the church, or were unwilling to meet the stern demands of religious life. The latter reason impelled Monica Baldwin to quit the convent; she gained a measure of religious notoriety in the 1950s with her bestselling autobiographical explanation, *I Leap Over the Wall*. Today, in her 70s, she regrets her depart-

EX-PRIESTS & EX-NUNS AT NEXT STEP PARTY IN SAN FRANCISCO

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGBORN—CAMERA 8



ture, and attributes it to "self-will and spiritual infidelity." For years, America's best-known ex-priest was former Franciscan Emmett McLoughlin (*People's Padre*), who left the church when his superior tried to transfer him from his work at what is now Phoenix's Memorial Hospital, where he is still administrator.

Hotly outspoken ex-priests in the McLoughlin style are the exception today. Far more leave with a deep respect and even love for Catholicism—or at least for what it might be. Keenly disturbing the church is the quality of the exodus clergy. Says Jesuit Sociologist Eugene Schallert, who has just completed a study of 317 departed priests: "Those who are leaving are some of the best men in the church—some of the most intelligent, most enterprising, most charismatic. They are occupationally top men, capable of holding down really good jobs."

Challenge to Authority

The new defectors include college presidents, provincial superiors, theologians and chancery executives. Among them is James P. Shannon (see box, page 54), onetime chairman of the board of the Association of American Colleges and one of the few U.S. bishops to earn a doctorate from a secular university. Next month the ranks of for-

on celibacy were really a challenge to papal authority. To a certain extent, James Shannon would agree. At issue in the clerical exodus, he argues, is the nature of church government and the way in which its teachings are formulated. For centuries, Catholicism was a consistent defender of the principles of Roman law, which envisions government from the top by code and decree, with moral and theological teachings established by deductive reasoning from *a priori* principles.

At the Second Vatican Council, the church began to turn away from *Romanita*; it envisioned a more democratized church in which power would

be shared, and suggested that doctrine and morality should reflect not the deductions of casuists but the faith and reflective experience of God's people. Many of the exodus clergy in North America and Europe have also been affected by non-Roman ideologies: the Anglo-Saxon common law, in which community consensus shapes law, and the scientific method, which arrives at truth through empirical reasoning based on observed evidence. All this contributes to a rebellion against a church hierarchy still trapped by its traditional concept of how power should be used. "Ours is a legal struggle with authority," says Sister Anita of the Immaculate



THE BIANCHIS

mer nuns will be joined by 315 members of Los Angeles' Immaculate Heart Community, including its president and former Mother General, Sister Anita Caspary (see box, page 55). Five years ago, the nation's most publicized advocates of convent renewal were Sister Jacqueline Grennan of Missouri's Webster College and Sister Charles Borromeo Muckinern of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. Both have since left the religious life. Sister Jacqueline is now Mrs. Paul Wexler and the new president of Manhattan's Hunter College.

French Theologian Jean Cardinal Danielou, writing in *L'Osservatore Romano* recently, argued that the attacks



DAVID GAHR



THE HUDEPOH

MIDGE TURK

TO Pope Paul VI, priestly celibacy is "a crowning jewel" of the Roman Catholic Church. To most former priests, and even to many who have not left clerical ranks, it is more like a crown of thorns. The truth may lie somewhat prosaically between these two opinions. In fact, mandatory celibacy for priests and nuns is not a defined doctrine of the church but a spiritual discipline that only over the course of centuries assumed the force of ecclesiastical law.

Jesus himself was not married; biblical scholars assume that most of his disciples were, since the Judaism of the time frowned upon bachelorhood. There is good reason to believe that the majority of priests and bishops during the first four centuries of Christianity were married; so were many Popes, the last of whom was Adrian II in the 9th century.

One reason that celibacy eventually became the rule for clerics was early Christianity's puritanical view of sex, even within marriage, as an evil except for procreation. "I feel that nothing more turns the masculine mind from the heights," wrote St. Augustine, the dominant voice of Christian theology until the Middle Ages, "than female

Celibacy—Jewel o

blandishment and that contact of bodies without which a wife may not be had." At the same time as this austere view took root, the church saw the growth of monastic communities for men and women in which chastity, along with poverty and obedience, was regarded as a virtue essential to those who would give their lives to God.

At the urging of Popes and councils, monastic austerity was gradually forced upon the clergy as a whole. Pope Benedict VIII in 1018 formally forbade priestly marriages; the prohibition was solemnly extended by the First Lateran Council of 1123. The rule, however, was not easy to enforce. Until the Reformation, parish priests frequently scandalized the faithful by taking wives, or at least keeping mistresses and concubines, as did Popes and cardinals. After Protestantism rejected celibacy for the ministry as unnatural and unnecessary, the Council of Trent declared it an "objectively superior state of life" and imposed excommunication on priests or nuns who violated the canon laws prohibiting marriage.

Heart nuns. "Where we see the embodiment of authority and where the Sacred Congregation of Religion sees it."

Ironically, the clerical exodus was occasioned by the Second Vatican Council—the most significant movement of Catholic renewal in centuries. Initially, Vatican II was heralded as the first council in history that did not lead to a schism. Many observers now fear the danger of what they call a "psychological schism," in which progressive Catholics will nominally remain in the church, but increasingly work out their own definitions of Christian life.

The greatest danger of such a psychological schism is in The Netherlands.

Before World War II and perhaps even before the council, Dutch Catholics were noted for their pious conservatism. The war forced many of the church's leaders into working for a common cause with previously distrusted Protestants and into dialogue with atheists. The Dutch interpreted the new direction of Vatican II with their customary thoroughness. "We are used to taking everything very seriously in Holland," says Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink, 69, the imperturbable biblical scholar who heads his nation's hierarchy. "It is not in our character to be very subtle. The Dutch are pretty stringent and rigid."

In the years since the council, Dutch

theologians have been among the church's leaders in proposing novel formulations of dogma. Abetted by their priests, Dutch lay Catholics vociferously opposed Pope Paul's 1968 ban on contraception, which they have largely ignored. Last month a nationwide Pastoral Council passed a resolution urging optional celibacy for priests.

Eminent Names

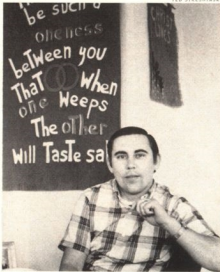
In a flurry of public addresses and letters, Pope Paul has clearly indicated that he cannot accept the Dutch demand, although he is willing to discuss the possibility of ordaining a few elderly married laymen to the priesthood where pastoral necessity demands it. Alfrink and the bishops are encouraged by what a Dutch theologian calls an "opening in an eternal wall of 'No.'" It remains to be seen whether the papal concession will satisfy the progressives who dominate the Dutch church's lay and clerical ranks. But Alfrink remains hopeful that the hierarchy can avoid a split. "We all mean well, both here in Holland and in Rome," he says. "Somehow we are drifting apart, being ripped apart, even. But finally we shall resolve this."

In the U.S., as in The Netherlands, faith has not prevented many a believing priest and nun from joining the



WITH DAUGHTER

THOMAS DURKIN



TED STRESHINSKY



THE HILSDALES

Crown of Thorns?

It is an undeniable fact that celibacy is supported by nearly 1,000 years of ecclesiastical tradition, which ought not to be lightly overthrown. Biblical support for the church's rule rests in part on the person of Jesus—the model and ideal of the servant-priest—who spoke (in *Matthew 19: 12*) of "those who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake." Since the church prohibits castration, some scholars interpret the clause to mean a willing acceptance of the symbolic knife of voluntary chastity. Roman theologians contend that celibacy, if freely adopted, contributes to a deep and fulfilling mystical relationship with God. Beyond that, a married priest might well be torn between his obligations to God and his duty to his family. And just as a practical matter, how could the church today provide the funds to support the families of priests? Celibacy advocates argue also that a priest is, or should be, a man set apart from the passions and concerns of ordinary men, and abstinence from marriage is a proper sign of his sacerdotal distinction.

Pope Paul's opponents on the issue concede the practical difficulties (which might, however, be alleviated if priests were allowed to support themselves in some secular line of work). As for the Scriptural evidence, some modern exegetes argue that Christ's speech about eunuchs refers to marital fidelity rather than celibacy. Both the ancient Eastern Orthodox churches and the Eastern Rite communities in union with Rome have always allowed for married priests (but not monks or bishops). In recent years, moreover, the church has ordained married converts from the Protestant ministry. Theologically, Pope Paul's critics contend that the church has tended to confuse two separate vocations: priesthood and celibacy. Both are considered gifts of God, but why should they always be given to the same person? A vow of chastity may be necessary for the discipline of a religious order, but is it equally essential for the parish ministry? Why should there not be married priests as well as celibate ones?

These are the questions raised by the critics of celibacy, notably the Dutch church. A final answer may not be given in Pope Paul's lifetime, but the issue is becoming ever more urgent.

exodus. On the rolls of those leaving today are some of U.S. Catholicism's most eminent names—such as former Jesuit Bernard J. Cooke, one of the nation's leading Catholic theologians. Last November, Cooke announced that he was leaving the clerical state and Marquette University, where he was chairman of the theology department, because he saw "a need to develop new forms of Christian life and priestly ministry outside the ordinary clerical structures but not in opposition to them."

Now doing research on Christian ministry and priesthood at Yale, Cooke believes that some religious are leaving, as others have in the past, because they

"A Sense of Freedom, Joy and Rightness"

HUNCHING forward on a chair in the living room of his adobe house in Santa Fe, N. Mex., James P. Shannon, former Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis, talks concernedly about the exodus of priests and nuns. "What they need," says Shannon, "is some sort of reassurance that their 'one act' has not completely vitiated them as ministers, as priests, as human beings." Shannon knows what he is talking about. For his "one act"—marrying without dispensation Mrs. Ruth Wilkinson, 51—"he was automatically excommunicated by the Roman Catholic Church.

Shannon still wears his episcopal ring as well as a wedding band. He attends Mass regularly at St. Anne's Church in Santa Fe, but carefully honors the excommunication penalty and does not receive the Eucharist; to take communion, he feels, "would be disruptive of the good order of the church." He cares deeply about that order, still reverently referring to Pope Paul as "the Holy Father." Shannon says grace before every meal. He conducts simple home devotions—Scripture readings and a few prayers—several times a week.

Shannon's entry into clerical ranks was considerably less traumatic than his departure. He was born 49 years ago this week in Minnesota, one of six children in the family of a South St. Paul cattleman. After graduating as valedictorian from the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul in 1941, he entered St. Paul Seminary, and was ordained in 1946. Soon Shannon was off to academia: an M.A. in English from the University of Minnesota (1951), a doctorate in American studies from Yale (1955), the presidency of the College of St.

Thomas (1956). In 1965 Shannon was consecrated bishop by the Most Rev. Egidio Vagnozzi, then the Vatican's Apostolic Delegate to the U.S. "They criticize us for not having intellectuals in the hierarchy," remarked Vagnozzi. "Now we have an intellectual, and we shall see what happens."

What happened was that Shannon soon emerged as the most progressive and provocative member of the U.S. hierarchy. He was the only Roman Catholic bishop to march with Martin Luther King at Selma. He was also the only bishop to join a group of Catholic intellectuals in signing a 1967 open letter criticizing U.S. policy in Viet Nam—thereby earning a tough reprimand from Vagnozzi. He publicly endorsed Milwaukee's Father James Groppi and California's Cesar Chavez. Then, in 1968, his appearance on an NBC television special about the U.S. Catholic Church occa-

sioned a critical resolution from the executive board of U.S. bishops.

At that point, Shannon had all but decided that he was serving no useful purpose as a member in bad standing of the bishops' club. What finally impelled him to quit the hierarchy was his disagreement with Pope Paul's 1968 encyclical against artificial birth control and the necessity of "keeping two sets of books" as a bishop, privately believing one thing but having to teach another. Two months after the encyclical was published, Shannon wrote directly to the Pope: "I cannot in conscience give internal assent, hence much less external, assent to the papal teaching in question." In November 1968, Shannon submitted his resignation from office to St. Paul's Archbishop Leo Binz. Two months later, he went off to teach at St. John's College in Santa Fe, a sister institution of Annapolis' famed "Great Books" school. News of the resignation did not break until May (TIME, June 6).

Catholic liberals, saddened by his resignation, were further upset by his marriage, on Aug. 2, to Ruth Wilkinson, a longtime friend who shared his interest in civil rights. "She is not an alternative," he says to any suggestion that he left episcopal office to take a wife. "She is a real woman whom I love very much. I'm supposed to be 'pining away,' but I'm not." Life with the vivacious, personable Ruth, says Shannon, has given him "a sense of freedom, of joy, of happiness and of essential rightness which I have not experienced in recent years." Shannon surveys his future with equanimity, hoping eventually to "work usefully" with the Spanish Americans of New Mexico. Though he refuses to encourage troubled priests to follow his example, Shannon takes a measure of satisfaction in the fact that many of his Catholic friends have by now accepted the logic of his decision. Even a few bishops have had the grace, and courtesy, to write in hopes of renewing their acquaintanceship.



BISHOP SHANNON

DR. SHANNON

* Who had been married three times before. Her first two marriages were civilly annulled; she was divorced from her third husband, who died in 1964.

discover that "this way of life does not fit them as persons." But many others are seeking new modes of Christian life outside institutional structures because "the possibility of creating such new forms seems temporarily denied by the power structure within the Roman Catholic Church, most critically by Rome itself." For others who leave, particularly in recent years, "their decision results from a combination of frustration and disappointment."

Years of Waiting

John Cardinal Wright, the American prefect for the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for the Clergy, believes that frustration is the key word. Frustration, Wright explains, affects many kinds of religious: the lonely missionary who is deprived of the "sufficient means" for his job, lacking books for his school or

medicines for his hospital; the alert young curate who fears his views are not being heard or heeded by a national hierarchy top-heavy with age.

Many young priests are simply crushed by years of unproductive waiting. Ordained in their 20s, they often have to wait decades for the kind of responsibility that can come to laymen in a matter of years. Others recoil from the fawning attitudes of lay Catholics, who treat them like embryonic saints. Asks Los Angeles Psychologist Carlo Weber, a former Jesuit: "Do you know how it feels to be spoken to in a set way: 'Yes, Father . . . good Father—so nice to have you here, Father?' Rotten, that's how. Nothing could be more deleterious to a personality."

Studies of the exodus indicate that celibacy alone is not a major cause of priests' leaving the ministry. Sociologist

Eugene Schallert reports that many priests think they leave to marry but actually leave for other reasons. His survey of ex-priests shows that nearly all of them zealously embraced the concepts of reform introduced by Vatican II. "The person opts for questioning instead of the ready answer, for 'this worldly' rather than 'other worldly' orientation, for personalism over absolutism. He is inclined toward change, but he believes no change is occurring. He finds he does not believe very deeply in the rules of the church." With that, says Schallert, he begins to ask, "Who am I?" He seeks help from someone, whom Schallert calls the "crucial other"—a friend, a superior, a confessor. He does not find it, and finally he decides to leave. "Once that decision is made," says Schallert, "he may develop a close relationship with a woman. When we start talking with him, the thing on

his mind is the woman. Then we start probing to find out when this all started, and it wasn't a woman at all."

Schallert notes that priests spend "an average of four to five years agonizing over their decision before walking out of the door. They probably spend more time deciding to leave than they spend deciding to enter the ministry. They just don't get mad at somebody and walk out in a huff. The priest who leaves may be frustrated at the difficulty in finding a way to work for the church, but he is not angry."

Death Wish

The experiences of former priests interviewed by TIME bear Schallert out. **PAUL HILSDALE**, 47, is a sociologist and former Jesuit who now conducts "awareness workshops" with his anthropologist wife in Los Angeles. "I left the priest-

hood," he recalls, "because I wanted to grow into a person who was ever more responsible and ever more loving. The church and the Jesuit structures were narrowing areas in which I could express my love." He resented the fact that when he said Mass, "people thought I was doing some kind of magic." After taking a leave from Loyola University of Los Angeles to spend a year at Esalen, Hilsdale says, "I found my value. At least I knew that if I was a sinner, I was a valuable sinner." Hilsdale goes to Mass occasionally, but feels that "Christianity is just one of many symbol systems that point to man's dependence on God." As for Catholicism, he adds: "There are times when I think the church may have a death wish."

FRANK MATTHEWS, 47, formerly a St. Louis priest heading archdiocesan radio and TV projects, serves as director of re-

cruitment for VISTA. "I had reached the threshold of frustration," he says of his own departure in 1967. "I couldn't accept the church's position on birth control and celibacy, or its slow implementation of consensus theology. I was disturbed by the lack of ability on the part of the church to criticize itself. I am sure that my wife Ellen [his former secretary] had a lot to do with it. In one way, I can say that I simply fell in love, but she was also the catalyst that made me see my other problems in perspective." Matthews believes that "success in a job is very important to any man, but to a man leaving the priesthood it's crucial." He feels that some men should "never leave the priesthood because they need the structure." As for himself, he explains with candor: "I often wonder why I have no regrets about the priesthood, especially since I

"You've Come a Long Way, Baby"

UNDER a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the hall of Los Angeles' Immaculate Heart of Mary Convent, Sister Anita Caspary talked last week with a white-haired woman in a simple print dress. Sister Anita is 54. The older woman, who has been an Immaculate Heart sister for more than 50 years, is agonizing over a decision. Should she join Sister Anita and 315 other nuns in leaving the order to form a new "lay community of religious persons?"

"Even when they are much older than I am, they still call me 'Mother,'" explains Anita Caspary. Two years ago, she gave up her religious name, Mother Humiliata, and her title of Mother General of the order, to become simply "president" of the community. But old attitudes persist. "Some of them want me to make their decisions for them," she says. "If I told this woman to come with our group, she would do it as a mark of obedience. But what I am trying to do is get her to make her own judgment. Younger women do not feel that pull of obedience," she adds. "A young person coming in might tell me my skirt is too long. But we sit down and talk things over and share our points of view."

More conservative than revolutionary, Anita Caspary has been an important bridge between the old and new, as the Immaculate Heart nuns have transformed themselves from a traditional religious order into an experimental kind of lay community with a question mark for a future. As head of the order, Anita Caspary intended that the Immaculate Heart experiments in renewal should be guided by the rather vague proposals put forward by the Second Vatican Council. "But slowly," she says, "the whole thing exploded." To facilitate their engagement with the realities of secular life, the nuns abandoned their habits, gave up scheduled prayers, and went beyond their teaching apostolate

to take up a wider variety of public services. Cardinal McIntyre objected to many of these departures from tradition; so did the Vatican, which last year ordered the nuns to abandon most of their ventures in reform.

For Sister Anita, as for her nuns, Rome's uncompromising order amounted to giving up a new mode of Christian service that they believed in deeply; collectively, they decided that they could not step back into the past. "If you bought the whole package of self-determination," Sister Anita says, "and you were being stopped every little while, then it seemed logical to break away. While I saw the break as inevitable, I didn't really want it. But I wondered how much energy you could spend fighting authority when you could spend that same energy doing what you should be doing." Anita Caspary hopes to preserve the best of both worlds in the

new community. "We'd like to be free of these legalities which bind us to this or that religious life, but at the same time we want the richness of tradition of Immaculate Heart that the older people embody."

Sister Anita has spent virtually her entire adult life in that tradition. One of eight children in an actively Catholic Los Angeles family, Anita "wanted to be a teacher, a writer perhaps, with a little play-acting thrown in," but she had always considered the possibility of becoming a nun. As a student at Immaculate Heart College, she was impressed by the sisters ("Even then they weren't all in lock step"). After graduating, she entered the convent and began teaching English in its high school. The order sent her to Stanford for a doctorate in English literature (1948), and she became college president in 1957. Six years later she was elected Mother General. Says Corita Kent, the ex-nun and artist who is the order's most famous alumna: "She is a quiet leader, perfect for the age of Aquarius, when, you know, there are no big heads."

In the next few years, Anita Caspary will need to prove all her capacities as a leader. The new Immaculate Heart Community, which will admit married couples as well as single men and women to membership, is something new in the church. Its goal is flexibility, which could be its salvation or its undoing; the degree of individualism in careers and life-styles offered to members might erode the sisters' present sense of solidarity. Anita, though, is confident. "Now I am convinced that if tomorrow permission came to do everything we're doing, I would not want to go back. The old structure simply is not geared to the 20th century woman." One sideline booster is her 84-year-old mother. After watching Anita explain the order's new directions on television last week, Mrs. Marie Caspary—with just a touch of quiet pride—spoke her judgment: "You've come a long way, Baby."



MOTHER HUMILIATA

SISTER ANITA

A Pot Primer for Parents.

Know enough basic facts about marihuana to talk to your son and daughter about it.

As a parent, you're concerned. You read that college, high school, even junior high students smoke marihuana. What about your own son or daughter? Have they tried it? Would they tell you? Do you just keep quiet and hope—do you talk?

Your youngsters may joke about grass, tea, joint, roach, head—words that mean something different to you. They seem to know more about drugs than you do—that's their side of the generation gap. But not all their "facts" may be facts.

Can you talk frankly to your child about pot?

As frankly as about other important matters, with tact and mutual respect. It may be easier to start by discussing marihuana experiences he's heard of from his friends. You won't want to come across as accusing or angry—it's as risky to assume he does "turn on" as to assume he doesn't. Keep it simple, direct. And make sure your concern for him, and what happens to him, shows.

Who uses pot, and why?

More boys than girls. Girls are likelier to try if their boyfriends smoke it. A majority of young people have not tried it, and have enough self-assurance to resist trying it. A number have tried it once or twice out of curiosity or boredom. A smaller number "turn on" just on weekends. A small percentage become "heads"—their lives centered around marihuana or other drugs, with very little interest in anything else.

What proven facts about marihuana can you tell him?

1. Individuals react very differently to this drug, which is why you hear stories of extreme reactions, and stories of no reactions.
2. Reactions vary according to setting, expectation, pattern of use, and the strength of the marihuana (which varies greatly).
3. Because of all these variables, little has been proven conclusively about specific effects of marihuana on

the mind and body. This does not mean there are no ill effects, but that they cannot be catalogued and predicted exactly.

4. Involvement with this drug during the years while the young personality is finding and shaping itself, and learning how to deal with life's problems, is an intangible danger to try to measure, but of deep importance. That's a hard fact for the young to understand.

5. The possession of marihuana is illegal under local laws. In many states, it is a felony, equivalent to the possession of heroin. The laws provide severe penalties. Even being in the company of someone who possesses marihuana may make your child liable for arrest.

Easy answers to hard questions.

There aren't any. If your children ask, "What about parents' drinking and smoking?" a partial answer is that *your* body and personality have matured. Once anyone becomes dependent on any drug, including alcohol and cigarettes, it can be difficult to stop. Even if you're convinced they're harmful.

"Why do adults say marihuana leads to stronger drugs when that hasn't happened to my friends?" A teenager's experience is limited; it *has* happened. While marihuana itself does not lead to other drug use, association with "dealers" and drug users may be the first step to experimenting with LSD, speed and even heroin. And these drugs are far more than a stronger form of pot.

"What about the people who say pot is OK?" To be honest, scientists still don't know everything about the specific effects of marihuana. But certainly, the "authorities" your children quote, know even less. No expert is saying today that pot should be legal.

It boils down to this. Marihuana is a risk nobody has to take. Least of all somebody you care about.

For more detailed facts about marihuana and other drugs, write for free booklets to:
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was a happy priest. In fact, I only regret that I didn't have this experience—that I didn't move on years earlier."

HERMAN HUDEPOHL, 35, spent two years as a Maryknoll missionary in Peru. He is now an insurance and mutual-fund salesman. "Believe it or not," he says, "I think I can do as much for people in this type of work as I was doing in the priesthood. In Peru, we were running around blessing houses that had been struck by lightning and making sick calls. We had fiesta Masses coming out of our ears. My God, what they needed was doctors, medicine, technical help. We weren't helping. We were giving them a piece of bread." Hudepohl thinks that the sheer numbers of religious in exodus may change Catholicism; his wife Nancy, who was a Dominican nun for ten years, is more pessimistic: "The church has nothing to say to people."

Case Investigator Maurice Geary, formerly of St. David's Church in Detroit, is "happy as hell that I'm on the outside." A civil rights militant, he left the priesthood after the archdiocese tried to demote him from his parish assignment to a lesser job. Unlike many former clerics who still regard themselves as priests but inactive ones, Geary has abandoned any sense of the ministry. "I wasn't looking to start my own church," he says. "Why should I light a candle and play games by celebrating the Mass in the basement?"

Gray Zone

Some former priests retain strong feelings for their clerical past. Former Jesuit Eugene C. Bianchi is now married and teaching theology at Emory University in Atlanta. He is also President of the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry, which claims some 1,000 priests (some married, some not) exercising a sort of freewheeling ministry around the U.S. Writing in John A. O'Brien's recent book, *Why Priests Leave*, Bianchi argues that "some of us will have to move into a gray zone" the better to try new styles of priesthood, but looks gratefully on his Jesuit past "as a preparation for a new mission." Occasionally, the pull of the past can draw a priest back to the official ministry. Bearings for Re-Establishment found that one priest-client was disgruntled principally because his bishop had refused his many requests for transfer from a lonely country parish; Bearings found him a new bishop and sent him happily back to work. Many more, however, would agree with Thomas J. Durkin, a former Philadelphia priest now directing Bianchi's group from San Francisco. Even if the celibacy rule is lifted, says Durkin, going back to parish life "would put me in a situation that a lot of Protestant ministers are leaving."

In the first years that followed Vatican II, priests who abandoned their vocation often had a hard time. Shunned by former colleagues and sometimes even their families, they found employ-

ers suspicious of their past and their training inadequate for secular life. Sociologist Schallert learned that many had particular difficulty in adjusting to mature relationships with women: "Girls sometimes tell them, 'You act like a 14-year-old boy.'" Even wearing a necktie could be a trauma.

All that is changing. Pope Paul has made it much easier for dissatisfied priests to gain dispensations from their vows; counseling services like Bearings, Washington's Career Programming Institute, and San Francisco's Next Step provide advice about jobs, psychological help (if needed) and often sedately swinging parties for ex-priests to meet other men and women who have jumped over the wall. Career Programming has placed former clerics in jobs paying as much as \$35,000 a year. Even though



POPE PAUL

An opening in a wall of "No."

some priests may have mainly theological backgrounds, explains a Bearings counselor, businesses are increasingly interested in them because liberal-arts graduates are "trained in clear thinking."

Even some members of the hierarchy have come to accept the departure of their trusted servants with something resembling equanimity. Last month, when Msgr. James M. Murray left the priesthood after 28 years in order to marry, he explained to relatives that he "had entered the church by the front door and was leaving by the front door." Thereupon he mounted the pulpit of St. John the Evangelist Church in San Francisco at noon Mass one Sunday and told his congregation all about his decision. Archbishop Joseph McGucken even made a farewell statement of appreciation for his services to the church.

Catholic colleges are now willing to hire ex-priests from elsewhere to teach; some exodus clerics are apparently allowed to remain on their own campuses. Fordham's prominent Jesuit Phi-

osopher Robert O. Johann, who has requested laicization* because of a "growing disaffection with the way in which power and authority are exercised in the official church," is on a year's leave of absence at Holy Cross College; he has been officially welcomed back to Fordham for the school's fall semester. Catholic University Theologian Daniel C. Maguire, who helped draft the critique of *Humanae Vitae* signed by some 600 U.S. Catholic academics, resigned his ministry last November to marry. He is still an associate professor of religion and ethics at the university and plans to remain so.

The exodus crisis has traditionally been somewhat easier for nuns than for priests. Even sisters bound by solemn vows of chastity "until death" have been able to get dispensations with relative ease. And for a girl trained as a teacher or nurse, the transition to secular status was relatively painless. Leaving today "is a simple matter," says Midge Turk, college editor of *Glamour* magazine and an Immaculate Heart sister until 1966. "A nun writes to the Pope, says please-give-me-a-dispensation-because-I-can-no-longer-function-in-this-life, and she almost automatically gets a prompt notification of release from her vows." But there is the fashion syndrome. One former nun recalls the shock of recognition when she first replaced her habit with a mod dress "and discovered my legs hanging out down there."

Even more than priests, nuns leaving church service these days rarely do so with a sense of failure. Says Leonora Kountz, a former Sister of Loretto who is now teaching in Chicago: "My order is one of the most progressive in the U.S. I certainly had no quarrel with them. Quitting was a sort of shifting the weight of my life. One's life has a certain weight, or direction, at one time, but it dawned on me that the weight had shifted toward another direction."

Time to Unwind

Mrs. Carole Tegeler is a Chicago housewife who was a Franciscan nun for 14 years; with her husband, she runs a halfway house for ex-priests and nuns. She takes a similarly open approach to leaving religious life. "When people tell us they are about to leave, we always ask them not what they are departing from, but what they are leaving for." The former Sister Corita Kent, who taught in the art department of Immaculate Heart College, felt that she needed time to unwind. "I have put a lot of shows on the road," says Corita, who lives and works in Boston. "Now I have a

quiet job to do with myself. Young people carry forward a great deal of visible energetic action. When that's done, you have something else to do."

Perhaps even more than priests, nuns often retain a warm affection for the communal life of religion they have left. Corita says of her former community: "So many super people gathered under one roof. It was a rich experience." In 1967, the mother superior of the Glenmary Sisters of Cincinnati led 44 of her nuns out of the small, rural-oriented order. The situation was a prototype of the Immaculate Heart dispute: a progressive faced the opposition of an archbishop (Karl Alter of Cincinnati, now retired) who felt that things were moving too fast. The Glenmary's mother superior, now Miss Catherine Rumschlag, proposed that the liberal majority of sisters go secular. Today

the next decade "the most creative and healthiest will continue to depart in mounting numbers, leaving their conservative colleagues with the balance of power" in the church. He predicts that this will be "an illusory victory for the traditionalists" since they will not be able to recruit the kind of successors they want. "At this stage, which will be reached before 1975 in many places, a basic reworking of the religious life will finally be seen as necessary to the mission of the church."

Signs of Vitality

What gives a measure of credibility to this prospect of change is evidence that the new generation of religious recruits seems to be as dedicated to renewal as those who have left ecclesiastical ranks in the cause of another form of Christian service. Says a Jesuit scholastic from

California, Lawrence Goulet: "Is there hope for the future of the church? Does the bear live in the woods? Some see tumult in the church as destructive decadence. I see it as a sign of vitality." Seminarian Lyndon Farwell contends that "those of us who are staying with the institutional church do so not looking backward to what has been, but forward to what can be. The church is being transformed and will continue to be transformed. We want to be part of that transformation."

Many future priests have more in common with today's ex-priests than they do with those who administer the institutional church. That is not to argue that tomorrow's vision is necessarily better than yesterday's, or that the Christian rebels are certain to be more accurate prophets than the Christian traditionalists. In an era of stress and uncertainty, those who

stand and serve in obedience to the Holy See may ultimately demonstrate more wisdom than those who are challenging it. Despite the clamor for change on celibacy, there is no guarantee that marriage will become an option for priests of the future. Despite the promise of the Immaculate Heart experiment, there is no guarantee that it will be the model for future Christian communities. The modern ecclesiastical rebel seems to want instant change—and indeed, change is necessary and inevitable. The historical way of the Catholic Church, however, is to reform only after the dust of disruption and internal struggle has settled.

The priests and nuns who have joined the exodus have, in a certain sense, lost some personal battles. It remains to be seen whether they will have won a communal war. If—and it is a very large if—the church in the next decades emerges as a new vivid epiphany of the Christian experience, more truly catholic but less Roman, then those who have departed its service will be entitled to a large share of the credit.



"... BUT REALLY, THE VERY FIRST TIME I SAW ED SAYING THE 12:15 MASS, I SAID TO MYSELF, 'THAT'S THE MAN FOR ME!'"

the group functions as a service organization called FOCUS, and does teaching and social work in three regional centers throughout Appalachia.

The 315 Immaculate Heart nuns who are leaving the order next month will continue to run Immaculate Heart College, the high school and the infirmary. The difference, says the nuns, is that they will "be free to follow what Vatican II asked us to do in the first place." As for the old, orderly convent regime of prescribed prayers, meals and periods of silence, Sister Ancilla O'Neill, 77, says: "All those rules kept us from thinking. You never had to make a decision because all the decisions were made for you." Now the sisters have more responsibilities, but more distractions as well: wardrobes, hair care, cars—and with lay status, taxes.

What will be the outcome of today's clerical exodus? Where and when will it end? Neither the exiting priests and nuns nor those who remain strongly faithful to their vows have an easy answer. Maryknoll Psychologist Eugene Kennedy of Chicago predicts that in

* A canonical process in which a petitioner is first examined on his reasons for leaving, then ultimately "reduced to the lay status." The procedure can often be humiliating, and many priests (including James Shannon) simply refuse to undergo it.

SHOW BUSINESS

And the Pet Goes On

All by herself, Petula Clark is an international identity crisis. In a 28-year career that began when she was nine, Pet Clark has been Britain's Shirley Temple, a French yé-yé singer and songwriter more popular at one point than Edith Piaf, and Hollywood's heiress to the fallen halo of Julie Andrews. Along the way, Petula has sold 25 million records in five languages.

Though her first tongue was English (She was born in a London suburb), Pet was discovered last in the U.S. *Downtown* preceded her in 1964, but Americans did not get accustomed to the face behind that big, hard-edged voice until she became the shill trilling, "And the beat goes on . . ." in Plymouth TV commercials two years ago. Next came films (*Finian's Rainbow* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*) and regular television. This week Pet stars in her third TV special, on NBC's *Kraft Music Hall*; in 1971, though it is yet unannounced, she will headline a weekly series of her own on ABC.

Sorry, Mr. Agnew. That sort of show business record makes Pet sound like the frenetic creation of some monstrous manager, or Jackie Susann. But those who have seen her on the concert or club stage—her natural habitat—realize that she is a diffident, dignified woman with a whimsical intelligence. She comes on with almost no preliminary patter, precious little make-up and a gown and a hairdo she does herself. There is none of the oppressive overproduction that is now the vogue in cabaret acts—the choreography down to the last twitch, the scripting of every gasp, the obtrusive gags. Any quips are her own and perhaps a little limp, but honest. During her recent stint at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, she delivered herself of some extemporaneous antiwar sentiments, then added: "Mr. Agnew, I'm sorry." What really distinguishes Petula's performances is that voice—now throaty, now driving, and seemingly twice too powerful for a delicate five-footer.

Her range is almost two octaves, and her appeal spans all generations. Glenn Gould, the pianist and a Clark aficionado, says that she is "in many ways the complete synthesis of the American teen-ager's scramble from the parental nest." Of course, at an increasingly maternally 37, she will have to go beyond such material as *Downtown* and *I Know a Place*. These days she is trying to emulate her idol, Piaf. "She didn't just sing," recalls Petula. "She pulled her insides out. She got involved about people going crazy, about death and sex and war."

No Vadim. Pet's own life has been filled with more familial traumas. She had a mother who taught her to sing and a stage father who pushed her



PETULA ON TV

Up from chintzy cheerfulness.

onto a BBC wartime show called *It's All Yours*, followed by her own *Pet's Parlour*. Dad eventually parlayed all that into an almost endless J. Arthur Rank contract. At Rank, she played in 25 films including a kind of female Andy Hardy role in the Huggett series. Thanks to a restraining bra and taut parental control of her public image (no dates or off-the-shoulder dresses), she played juvenile roles years past puberty. She says now, "I thank God to be out of the country when my old movies come back on late-night television."

Eventually, at 25, she "exploded," leaving home and father to take up auto-racing and mix with the Stirling Moss crowd. Finally, she left the country to

try a singing career in Paris. The British promptly forgot all about her. She soon met Claude Wolff, a press-agent for a French record company, and for the past eight years they have succeeded in maintaining a flourishing husband-manager-star relationship. Pet knew that she was subject to intermittent depressions, was unable to cope with booking arrangements, and that "sometimes I would need to be treated as a child." Claude knew just how and when to do it. But in the process, says Pet, "he didn't do a Vadim on me" (a reference to the Svengali role French Director Roger Vadim played with his women until he ran up against Jane Fonda).

Image Problem. Aside from TV, Wolff has committed her to a few campus and concert appearances in the States and a stand at Harrah's club at Lake Tahoe, all of which should keep her 1970 income at the \$1,000,000 level to which she has become accustomed. She is fed up with period movies like *Chips* ("I have nothing to do with 1924, really") and other musicals. Not that either picture was such a box-office smash that Hollywood is pressing her to do another of that genre. Right now, Pet says, she is looking for "a small contemporary film," based perhaps on the Paris revolution of 1968. But Petula, like Julie Andrews, may have trouble in eluding her old image. "At her worst," as one London critic observes, "she emits enough chintzy cheerfulness to upholster a three-piece suite."

Despite, or because of her upbringing, Pet can barely abide show-biz socializing, and the Wolffs and their two daughters have relocated their home from Paris to a summer farmhouse near Antibes and a \$250,000 château outside Geneva. "We moved," she explains, "to get away from the 'fun' people." For Pet Clark, the *Downtown*, rock-around-the-clock days are done.

TELEVISION

Soul Drama

To the ghetto community, NBC's *Ju-ilia* is a white TV show played in blackface. Hoping to bring some black truth to television, Chicago's public channel, WTTW, this winter is carrying a new series titled *Bird of the Iron Feather*.*

The show runs for half an hour three nights a week, soap-opera style, but its black producers call it "soul drama." The main distinctions are a disdain for euphemism and a bitter black perspective. Characters refer to each other as "black bastards" and "niggers," "sons of bitches" and "mothers." White em-

* From an 1847 speech in which Black Abolitionist Frederick Douglass described his race as having been "a bird for the hunter's gun, but a bird of iron feathers, unable to fly to freedom."

ployers are parodied behind their backs, and there is recurrent talk of revolution. Rails one black domestic: "Wait till the slave maids and housekeepers take to the streets—and then bitches have to do their own dishes."

The protagonist is a black detective named Jonah Rhodes. He was killed in a riot before the first episode, and the story unfolds in flashbacks from his diary. Jonah, at 35, is patriarch of a family of 13, including his trouble-making dropout brother, two deaf-mutes and his aunt and uncle, who are welfare applicants. In the beginning, he attends night law school and tries to make it within the structure. He becomes increasingly militant as he encounters usurious used-car dealers, unscrupulous real estate men and venal cops down at precinct headquarters. The whites, however,



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SCENE FROM "BIRD"
Intended to offend.

come off as no more villainous than the black middle class, especially Jonathan's mother-in-law and his rival, an Uncle-Tom sergeant named Vines.

Felt Series. With inverse optimism WTTW's white program director, Ed Morris, has said cheerily right along: "I think all kinds of people are going to hate it." But as of last week, Chicagoans seemed to welcome a TV series that actually dares to offend. *Bird* is the highest-rated local production in the station's history. Most of the viewers are blacks, and they obviously feel that *Bird* strikes home. The Coalition for United Community Action, representing 61 black organizations with 200,000 members, has issued an endorsement, declaring the series "one of the greatest TV documentaries of the century."

The group's description of drama documentary arose from the fact that *Bird* is one series that is not phony, but deeply felt. The staff is largely black and inexperienced, and often plots are simplistic. The dialogue is sometimes stilted, the acting amateurish. The production budget (averaging \$21,000 per segment) was about one-fifth of what the networks pay for a prime-time show—and looked it.

Even at that comparatively small cost, WTTW ran through its Ford Foundation grant for *Bird* with only 21 episodes in the can. The foundation has yet to decide whether or not to pay for a continuation of the series or even to subsidize its syndication to other public TV stations. The WTTW board chairman, former Federal Communications Commissioner Newton Minow, urges a favorable response. "Whether we like what was created or not," he says, "our function should be to give everyone a chance to express themselves."

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NICHOLAS' SHRINE OF THE VIRGIN



LAUSANNE STAINED GLASS

A Sweet Wind Out of the Dark

THE year 1200 marks a high point in the millennium between the fall of Rome and the rise of the Renaissance. Around that time, a sweet wind of humanism swept across the dark face of Europe, bringing with it a new interest in Latin classics and Greek philosophy, a delight in racy troubadour songs and epic verse, and a keener awareness of the dignity of man. The Magna Carta was signed, and the great Gothic cathedrals of Chartres, Notre Dame and Reims were begun.

For all these exceptional accomplishments, however, art historians have traditionally looked upon the period as primarily a transition between Romanesque severity and Gothic naturalism. It is that, to be sure. But Thomas Hoving, director of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum and a medieval scholar, has long been convinced that Style 1200, as he calls it, is so distinctive that it merits consideration on its own.

Last week the Met opened "The Year 1200" with 350 medieval treasures culled from the great collections of the U.S. and Europe. At the center of the show is a small triumph of Hoving's own research as a young scholar—an exquisitely carved ivory cross that he himself had traced to the Bury St. Edmunds monastery in England and dated as late 12th century. For the first time, the cross was reunited with the carved body of the crucified Christ that it is thought to have originally supported. By a fortuitous twist of fate, Medievalist Florens Deuchler, who organized the exhibition, noticed the Christ figure in an Oslo museum last summer, remembered the Metropolitan's cross, and realized from their similar scale, design and delicate coloring that the two were probably at one time part of the same work. The Romanesque Christ was inhumanly

serene; the later Gothic Christ was often all too humanly agonized. This 1200 Christ has both serenity and humanity, and thus sets the theme for the show.

"Around 1200," Hoving points out, "for practically the first time since ancient Greek and Roman times, draperies curl and caress the bodies underneath, and limbs are proudly and successfully shown as organic entities. Faces become truly alive, eyes shine with an inner light, gestures seem to develop an entirely new expressive poetry of their own." That humanizing influence can be traced in a masterly bronze *Moses* from the Mosan area of northern France and Belgium, in numerous conceptions of the Virgin Mary as a regal but very real woman, and in a series of strikingly carved stone heads recalling Hellenistic ideals of manhood.

Flair for Romance. The most beautiful room of the exhibition is one shaped like the chancel of a church, its walls glowing with stained glass from Reims, Rouen, Lausanne, Strasbourg and Canterbury. In the center is an exquisite effigy of Eleanor of Aquitaine, lent by the Abbey of Fontevault in western France. Eleanor was no saint. In fact, she divorced her first husband, Louis VII of France, conspired against her second, Henry II of England, and delighted in questionable dalliances. But the medieval world loved her flair for romance. She did as much as anyone to usher in the age of courtly love, and minstrels sang her praises in German, Provençal, French and English. Her sculptor saw her as neither saint nor sinner. Rather, he created a slim, elegant woman who is totally at peace—a Book of Hours in her hand, a pillow curving ever so gently beneath the weight of her head. Like most other artists and artisans of the Middle Ages, he remains anonymous.

One name does survive from this age of anonymity: Nicholas of Verdun, a master metalworker in a Mosan workshop. Nothing would be known about Nicholas either except that he had the audacity to sign his works, and what in a lesser medieval man might have been criticized as unseemly vanity was overlooked because he was such an unparalleled artist. His masterwork, the golden, gem-studded Shrine of the Virgin from Belgium's Tournai Cathedral, perfectly defines Style 1200. Nicholas masterfully combined abstract background motifs with a portrayal of the Holy Family on the Flight into Egypt that is at once human, simple and spiritual.

Presidential Choice

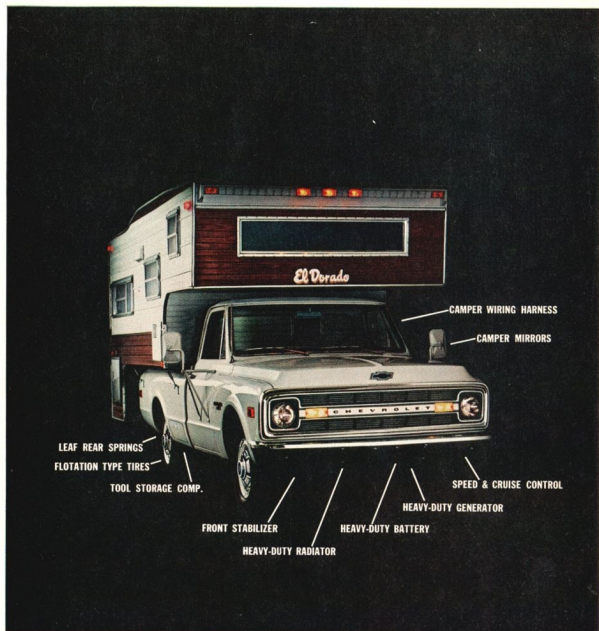
No other artist has been so honored. Beyond all precedent, Richard Nixon is giving Paigter Andrew Wyeth a one-man show in the nation's grandest gallery—the White House. To celebrate the event, Nixon is holding a formal banquet in honor of the Wyeths, topped by a reception at which the 200-odd guests will be entertained by Pianist Rudolf Serkin in the white and gold splendors of the East Room, where 22 of Wyeth's paintings will be on display. In the Nixonian view, artists in the past have been invited to the White House, as it were, to sing for their supper at a party for someone else. Under the new dispensation, the supper will be given to honor the artist himself. Nixon gave Duke Ellington a 70th birthday party last spring, more recently invited Comedian Red Skelton to inaugurate a series of "Evenings at the White House." The Wyeth show and dinner were Nixon's own suggestion, and nobody else's.

Why Wyeth? The two men have long been mutual admirers. But Wyeth has been a favorite of Presidents from Eisenhower to Johnson, and John F. Kennedy picked him as the first paint-



Andrew Wyeth's latest painting, "My Young Friend"

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WYETH

Evocations of bleak beginnings.

er to receive the Medal of Freedom, the country's highest civilian award, Wyeth is also popular with Middle Americans, partly because of his meticulous realism. But the somber, empty America that he depicts is a long way removed from the Chamber of Commerce optimism that is often (and mistakenly) assumed to be the sum total of Middle America's taste. Wyeth's America is often locked in a wintry cold, but even in summer the sun seldom shines full strength on the lonely fishermen, hired men and country women who inhabit it. They are stolid, they endure, but they are closer to Hawthorne's withdrawn New Englanders or the overworked pioneers of Willa Cather's Midwest than to the comfortable, free-living suburbanites of today's affluent society. Perhaps they recall, to Presidents as well as to ordinary people, the bitter hard work that went into making a nation.

Delicate Strokes. Wyeth's latest painting, *My Young Friend*, finished just in time for the White House exhibition, is a portrait of "Sissy" Spruance, a shy 20-year-old who works as a stable girl on a farm near Wyeth's home in Pennsylvania's Brandywine Valley. "One day I spotted her riding bareback over the meadow, her braided hair flying and those two long strands falling over her face," recalls Wyeth. "She was wearing that raccoon hat as I have never seen any girl wear a hat—as if it were on an animal, not a human." The final inspiration came half a year later when he was dining with his wife at the local hotel. He looked up to see Sissy smiling in at him through the window. "She was looking directly at me with this strange, shy, quizzical expression. That look! That face! It snapped with me."

The picture took six weeks to complete, from the first ink drawing on a gesso-covered wood panel to the final delicate strokes of ochre tempera. The result is a memorable portrait of a girl with a look—wary, contained, but challenging—that speaks of the courage and the ordeal of those who, in Frost's phrase, have taken the road "less traveled by."

Ralph the Rapsallion

As he lopes around the track, Ralph Doubell has the distracted look of a man talking to himself. And so he is. To ease the loneliness of a distance runner, the Australian ace provides his own moment-to-moment commentary and, when need be, his own cheering section. Late in the 800-meter finals of the 1968 Olympics, for instance, Doubell told Doubell: "You're going to win! You can feel it in your muscles!" Then, as he took the lead coming down the stretch, he shouted to himself: "You've won it! You've won it!" Doubell professes to care little for glory or gold medals—or even that his Olympic time of 1 min. 44.3 sec. equaled the world record of New Zealand's Peter Snell. "From the moment I touched the tape," he says, "it was all downhill, anticlimax, *God Save the Queen* and all that. Who needs national anthems?"

A virtual unknown before the Olympics, Doubell, 25, has since proved that he is the finest runner to come out of the Antipodes since Snell and Fellow Aussie Ron Clarke. So far this season, he has won 14 out of 15 races, losing only the 600-yd. dash in the Los Angeles Times games. At that it took a virtual dead-heat world record performance (1 min. 8.7 sec.) by Martin McGrady and Lee Evans to defeat him. In the longer distances, Doubell has been unbeatable. In Albuquerque last month he ran 1,000 yds. in 2 min. 5.5 sec., shaving half a second from Snell's eight-year-old world indoor record. As usual he pooh-poohed the stopwatch: "The most important thing is winning. I don't give a damn what the time is."

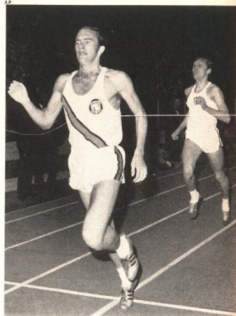
Interval Training. Doubell's coach, Austrian-born Franz Stampfl, understands completely. A Svengali-like figure who preaches mind over matter, he has helped such runners as Roger Bannister and Chris Chataway to world records. "Most Olympic athletes have equal physical capacity," says Stampfl, "but it is Doubell's mental attitude that enables him to produce an inspired performance."

It takes a little sweat, too. Stampfl espouses "interval training," alternating a lengthy series of full-blast sprints with periods of restful jogging. Using cardiographs and checks on pulse, respiration and blood pressure, he gradually expanded Doubell's training program to the limits of the athlete's physical capacity. After five years, Doubell now runs six miles every morning; in the evening, he runs three miles and follows that with a series which can consist of 50 sprints over 100 yds., or 30 over 220 yds., or simply five half miles. Beyond that, Stampfl says he teaches his runners "to be complete masters of themselves. I try to lift them beyond themselves—for immortality may be only a few minutes away."

Such monastic concentration suggests that Doubell, a systems analyst for Shell of Australia, is Ralph the Robot. Far from it. Decked out in an antelope suede jacket, black hip-hugging bell-bottoms and tan suede shoes, he is more Ralph the Rapsallion, enjoying "the usual recreations of a young man." As speedy behind the wheel as he is on the track, he was hauled in last year for gunning his Chevrolet Malibu down the San Diego freeway at 100 m.p.h. Two weeks ago, after setting a meet record in the half mile at Manhattan's Millrose Games, he jetted to Mexico City to visit a girl, returned just in time to set another meet record for 1,000 yds. in Toronto's Maple Leaf Games.

Spiritual Uplift. Though he dismisses some of Stampfl's spiritualism as "crap," Doubell totally agrees with his taste in tipples. Both prefer champagne, though Doubell hastily adds: "I only drink champagne when it's available. I don't discriminate. I'll drink anything." Recalling one evening when he "got stoned" on champagne, he says that he went out the next morning "with a hideous hangover and ran the fastest 220 of my life in 22.2. Of course you can't do that all the time. Just about once a fortnight, I reckon."

If any of Doubell's rivals reckon that his high living will soon make him an easy mark, they had better reckon again. According to Stampfl, Ralph is responding so well to his program of "stress adaptation" that he fully expects him to be a topflight competitor "at least until he is 40."



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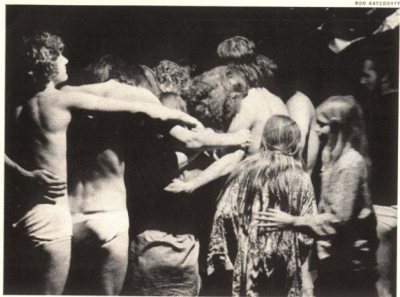
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PLAYERS & PLAYGOERS IN "JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE"

THE THEATER

Love Play in Braille

The contemporary theater is undergoing both an identity crisis and a crisis of survival. It is trying to rediscover its pre-verbal origins, and it is trying to isolate what it is that theater can uniquely do that films and television cannot do. This has led in two directions, one sacred, the other profane, both of which, like diastolic and systolic pressures, have always been at the heart of theater. With Jerzy Grotowski and the Polish Laboratory Theater, the emphasis is on the sacred, on a lacerating spiritual intensity, a stripping to the soul. With *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!* the emphasis is on the profane, on Dionysian revels, a stripping to the body. A reverse movement is also present, with Grotowski illuminating the profanation of the soul, and the nude shows illuminating the sacredness of the human body.

These ventures in dramatic exploration are also intimately related to an attempt to bridge the we-they gap in the actor-audience relationship—what is popularly called "participatory" theater. In the hands of the Living Theater, this has proved hostile and abrasive, a kind of tyrannical coercion toward brotherhood. An avant-garde group in Los Angeles called The Company is proving that a different approach can produce a loving sense of affinity and communal affection. They have done little-known plays by Ann Jellicoe, who authored *The Knack*, Megan Terry, who authored *Viet Rock*, and an adaptation of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's poem, "A Coney Island of the Mind." They have now embarked on a "theater-of-touch" which they call the *James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre*.

The audience does not file in to see

a show but enters a room where a group of about 20 playgoers at a time is told what to do by a soft-spoken instructor. Everyone sits down in a circle, clasps hands and closes his or her eyes. The instructor sets a cycle of squeezed hands going, a kind of charged current binding the circle together. As one's left hand is squeezed, one presses the hand of one's right-hand neighbor. This flows around the circle with increasing rapidity.

Journey in a Maze. Loosening-up exercises follow. One raps one's own skull with fingers and knuckles, slaps one's own body and the bodies of others from chest to ankle. One sits cross-legged opposite a selected stranger, and with eyes again closed is told by the instructor to sculpt mentally the other person's face. One is told to run one's fingers over the eyebrows, eye sockets, nose, chin and cheekbones, along his or her lips, to feel the nape of the neck, the texture of the hair. The fact of being instructed to do these things is liberating in that it reduces inhibition, guilt and responsibility. When one opens one's eyes, it is as if one had known this person for months rather than minutes. For several minutes more, the entire group lies pressed together on its sides like the pleats of an accordion, and as if all the bodies had become one flesh.

After this, a shut-eyed journey through a maze begins. In the maze, a man or a woman, alternately, leads the playgoer by the hand. They whisper and murmur, making sounds that seem like endearments. There are caresses, lips brush one's cheeks and one responds in kind. One's hands are perfumed with honeysuckle. A piece of apple may be popped into one's mouth.

There is an acute sense that the whole world has gone tactile, a world of love play in Braille.

At the end of the maze, one is likely to feel tender, lighthearted, erotic and trusting—four of the basic attributes of love. Perhaps anything that follows would seem anticlimactic except the act of making love. The show proper is nothing that anyone would care to attend for and of itself. It is a kind of dance-in to hard rock music most charitably described as a shorn *Hair*.

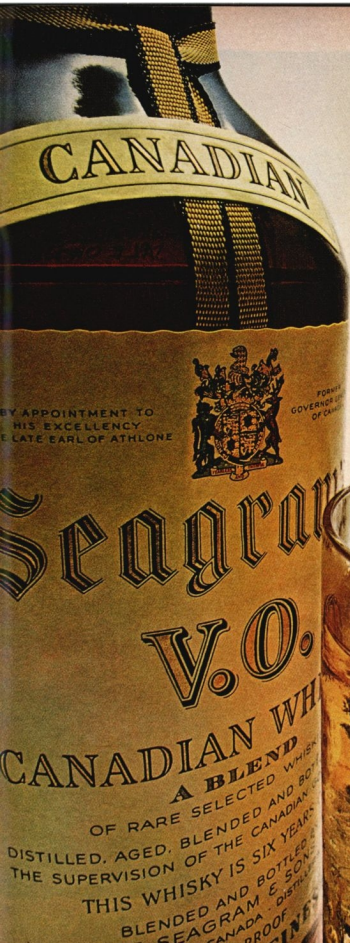
Soil for the Future. Obviously, the *James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre* has more the air of group therapy than it does of legitimate theater. But it would be a mistake to dismiss it as some sort of peripheral fad. The true purpose of the avant-garde is to provide the soil in which future drama will grow. Aesthetic soil means shaping a mentality. For example, the Depression created the mentality of social consciousness, and out of that mentality sprang the social protest plays of the '30s and the Group Theater. The mentality of Freudian psychology prefigured Tennessee Williams and all the psychologically oriented plays of the '40s and '50s, together with the Actors Studio and Method acting. What *Hair*, *Oh! Calcutta!* and The Company imply and anticipate is a mentality of paganism, quite possibly the first such mentality ever to shape the course of the American theater. As yet, this mentality lacks a commanding playwright or an acting discipline, but it seems distinctly likely that these are lurking in the wings.

Poet of Bruised Hearts

Pirandello used to ponder the curious fate of the great playwright who, being mortal, changed and died, but whose characters were immutable and immortal. Witnessing great drama means spending an evening with these immortals. *The Three Sisters*, Olga, Masha, and Irina, who yearn in vain to go to Moscow, have a place in the minds and hearts of people who have never even seen the Chekhov play.

In the second offering of its premiere engagement in Los Angeles, the British National Theater performs with its usual éclat while somewhat scanting the poetic mood music of the play. Chekhov is not wholly Chekhovian without a certain hauntingly sad fragility, like a Chopin nocturne heard by moonlight. In the manner of his closest U.S. counterpart, Tennessee Williams, Chekhov is a poet of bruised hearts and defeated hopes, a laureate of losers.

The director of this current revival, Sir Laurence Olivier, is not temperamentally equipped to stress the sense of loss. With a brisk, no-nonsense, let's-get-on-with-it approach, he sounds all the optimistic notes in *The Three Sisters*. The emphasis is on Chekhov's hopes that work and intelligence and energy will change and save the pre-Revolutionary Russia of sloth, injustice and decay. There is something ironic about

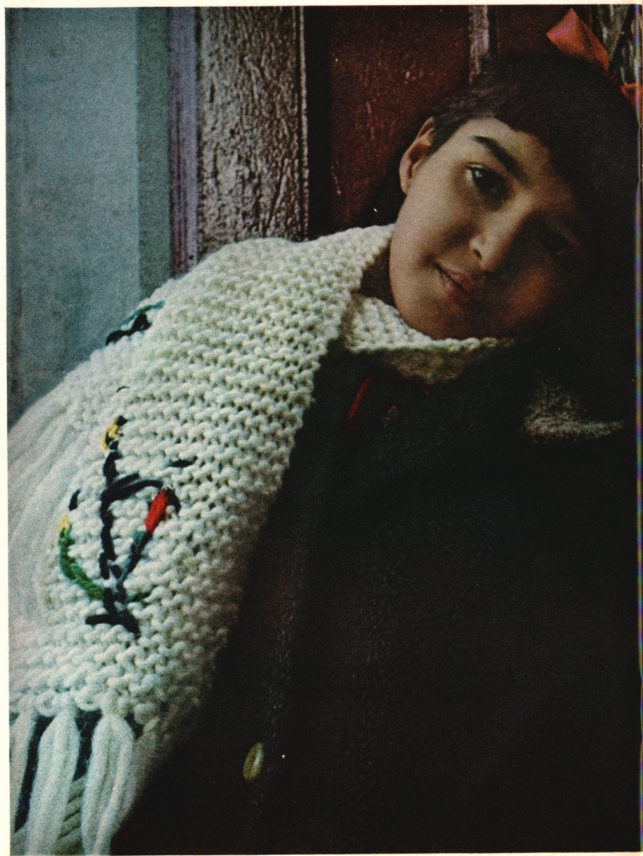



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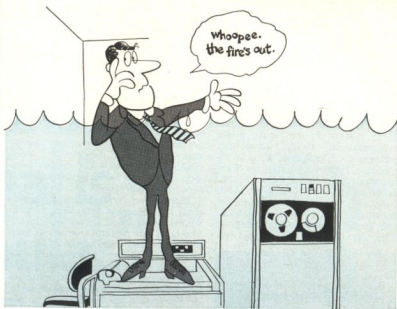
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Despite its superb ensemble work, the British National company has been unable to conceal during this Los Angeles run that it has one actress on its roster with the special authority of a star, Maggie Smith. As Masha, flinging herself into the brief, doomed adulterous affair with Colonel Vershinin (Robert Stephens), she is the incandescent epitome of all women in love. Here is a Hedda Gabler of a Russian provincial town, a woman of fire, intelligence, gravity and spirit, married to a bureaucratic paper-clip of a man who bores her to hushes rather than tears. Impelled to passion with a man who must leave her, she conveys a heartrending gallantry. Perhaps the saddest fate of a great playwright is not to live to see performances like this.



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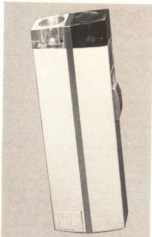
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MILESTONES

Married. Dr. Christiaan Barnard, 47, South African heart transplant pioneer turned man-about-international society; and Barbara Zoellner, 19, swinging daughter of a wealthy South African industrialist, once dubbed "Johannesburg's most eligible bachelor girl"; he for the second time (he was divorced last August by his wife of 21 years on grounds of desertion); in a civil ceremony; in Johannesburg.

Died. Hirsch Jacobs, 65, the winningest trainer in the history of thoroughbred racing; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Miami. Raised on the streets of New York, Jacobs never rode a horse in his life, explained his phenomenal success by saying, "You just got to use common sense and know when a horse feels like running." Put another way, he had an uncanny ability to diagnose a horse's failings and make winners out of rejects—such as Sty-mie, a runt \$1,500 claimer he bought in 1943 that went on to earn \$918,485. All told, during his 43 years as a trainer, he chalked up 3,569 victories and purses worth \$15,340,354.



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CINEMA

Dead End

It always takes the movies a little while to catch up. The so-called "black humorists" of the early 1960s—Joseph Heller, John Barth, Terry Southern among others—are only now beginning to have their books made into films. On the face of it, they make prime movie material. Crazy, anarchistic, sometimes scurrilous, they seem to offer endless visual possibilities for acerbic comedy. But the problems of adaptation are also uniquely difficult. Much of the wit of these books comes not from situation, but from tone and style, brittle qualities that tend to disintegrate before the camera's demanding eye.



RAQUEL & RINGO IN "CHRISTIAN"
Candy-coated tidbits.

Characters turn into cardboard, plots flounder in the telling because imbecile in the illustration. The secret of such lunatic comedy, as Stanley Kubrick understood so well in *Dr. Strangelove*, is to hold things down, to enhance the weirdness by emphasizing the basic realism of the situation. Two new movie adaptations practically stumble over themselves rushing in the opposite direction, with results that almost humiliate their original sources.

Laurence Harvey appears onstage to deliver Hamlet's soliloquy, then divests himself of princely restraint to a thundering strip-pieat. As the bell sounds for the opening round of the world heavyweight boxing championship, the two burly contenders tiptoe to mid-ring and embrace with consummate passion. A new luxury liner turns out to be propelled by a gang of seminude galley slaves, who bend to the oar under a whip cracked by everyone's favorite

sado-maso slave queen, Raquel Welch.

Such are the *Candy-coated tidbits* found in *The Magic Christian*, a thoroughly unpalatable adaptation of Terry Southern's 1960 novel. The book, an episodic account of a billionaire's lifelong devotion to "making it hot for people," made at least a reasonably funny prep-school primer. The film (whose script Southern helped write) purports to give upper-middle-class shibboleths a jolly beating. Instead, it is just another flagging satire, with ludicrous overtones of homosexual lubricity.

Peter Sellers continues his comic decline as that grand guy, Guy Grand, who amuses himself by bribing athletes and actors to perform outrageous acts of public—and usually public—harassment. Together with his adopted son (Ringo Starr), he perambulates the English countryside looking for preposterous spectacles to stage. Their prankish *pièce de résistance* is the launching of an ultraexclusive liner, *The Magic Christian*, which they quickly transform into a ship of fools.

The only comic relief in the whole ghastly affair is created by Ringo—to no one's credit but his own. Director Joseph McGrath apparently intended to exploit the popular Beatle brand of ironic mischief. Instead, Ringo's smirking indifference to his superfluous role neatly mocks the film itself.

End of the Road's peculiar combination of chichi, opportunistic avant-gardism and calculating commercialism makes it far more offensive than the crassest products from either Hollywood studios or the underground. The screenplay is the work of Terry Southern (again), who also acted as a co-producer. Scenarist Dennis McGuire and Director Aram Avakian. The three have taken John Barth's trim, controlled novel about a nervous breakdown in the groves of academe and reduced it to a madman's droll.

Jacob Horner (Stacy Keach) is a young college student who flaps out shortly after graduation and is whisked off for treatment to an improbable madhouse run by a Dr. D. (James Earl Jones). The doctor is a fanatic whose therapy depends largely on a barrage of audio-visual nightmares, which handily allow Director Avakian to produce an elaborate and almost endless mixed-media show that is about as mind-blowing as the Ice Capades. Horner, whose brain by this time has virtually been ditched, goes off precariously to teach English at a small suburban college staffed by a faculty of peders and perverts that puts D.'s Bedlam to shame. In between classes, he rapidly becomes the somewhat baffled third party in the psychotic marriage of another faculty member (Harris Yulin) and his ethereal wife (Dorothy Tristan). Things end as badly as they began, with a wretchedly vivid

abortion scene that mistakes nausea for honesty.

The rest of the film makes much the same mistake. Under the chaotic direction of Avakian, who has all the finesse of a Visigoth, the cast performs like a group of barking, hungry seals. Stacy Keach spends the entire film in an opaque trance that gives little evidence of either passion or talent. James Earl Jones trumpets his unbridled self-indulgence with missionary zeal. Harris Yulin's talent seems to consist mainly of eyeball rolling and teeth gnashing. Dorothy Tristan lends a glimmer of dignity and humanity to her portrait of the faithless faculty wife, but her efforts are in vain. Avakian, a former film editor, should have known how to cut this film: into little pieces.

Corridors of Darkness

For years Hollywood has exploited mental illness as a grim dramatic device. In *Other Voices*, a *cinéma-vérité* documentary that contains almost too much *vérité* to be endured, mental illness is not a part but the whole.

Filmed by David Sawyer over a period of 18 months at the Delaware Valley Mental Health Foundation, *Voices* traces the painful progress—and sometimes the even more painful regression—of five supposedly hopeless mental patients. It opens on a staff-patient touch-football game in which a doctor pokes one of the patients and says: "You'll get out of here when you're well and not before."

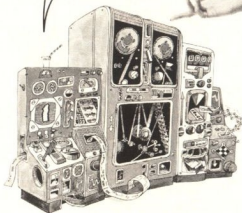
This sounds like barbaric, inmates-of-Charenton therapy, but it is the key to the clinic's theory of "reality confrontation." The psychiatrists actually live with the patients in ordinary family dwellings. They assault the patients physically—and sometimes physically—in order to penetrate their penumbra of fear. A doctor wrestles violently with a suicidal 14-year-old boy to try to make him accept the reality of contact. When a psychotic young woman refuses to respond, the same doctor sits on her stomach and shouts: "You're making the least progress of anyone here!" Then he soothes her in decidedly un-Freudian fashion. "When those voices tell you to do away with yourself, give them this." And he shows her the arm-and-finger gesture of contempt.

Voices is hardly entertainment, and certainly not a technician's delight. The camera work is slipshod, the editing choppy. But its bruising immediacy requires no cinematic ploys or emotional gambits. The patients' private odysseys through corridors of inner chaos are bleakly self-sustaining.

That one of the patients finally succeeds in committing suicide is stark tragedy. That another has reached the point where he is able to mourn death sounds a call of hope. Who has never heard an inner voice beckoning him to acts of madness? David Sawyer's film pierces the darkness that results when other voices overwhelm the rational mind.

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A Tale of Moral Complexity

The dirty workday draws to a close. Down the dank pit of an anthracite-coal shaft, weary miners pack their tools and straggle into empty coal carts to be hauled up to the surface and into the grimy dusk. But a few remain behind. Sticks of dynamite are pulled from a lunch pail, coat pockets and caches in the mine. Hands work nervously at wiring the dynamite sticks into a bomb, concealing it under a crucial buttress, lighting the fuse. Beneath the coal dust, the men's faces are businesslike, dispassionate. They walk together, away from their work, and the grim countryside is quiet for a long moment; then a blast practically tears the earth apart, precipitating a shower of debris that fills the air like some poisonous black snowfall.

This opening sequence from an intelligent and powerful new film called *The Molly Maguires* pretty well states both its great strength and regrettable weakness. The film, like the scene, is full of gritty, sinuous power, the kind of coarse moralism at which Director Martin Ritt excels. But it is also a little too lingering, a little too clinical to be entirely satisfactory. Ritt misses the extra measure of adrenaline that would have produced not only an intellectual experience but a chilling emotional response.

Classless Division. The Molly Maguires were a secret organization of Irishmen formed in Pennsylvania in the mid-1800s to combat the inhumanity of the mineowners. The film concentrates on the destruction of the Mollys through the intervention of an Irish immigrant named McParlan (Richard Harris). As a private detective, he infiltrates the group, befriends its leader, Jack Kehoe (Sean Connery), and finally, remorselessly, turns three of them in to hang. Scenarist Walter Bernstein was plainly most interested in the moral complexities of his two protagonists. McParlan and Kehoe are countrymen and of the same class; yet the "classless" society of America has irrevocably divided them. They both want the same things; as McParlan says, "I'm tired of always looking up. I want to look down." But if McParlan is a traitor, Kehoe, according to the tenets of his Roman Catholicism, is a murderer doomed to damnation. "There's no punishment this side o' hell can free you from what you did," Kehoe tells McParlan from his death cell. McParlan replies coldly, "See you in hell."

Ritt can be faulted for lack of dramatic emphasis, but his work with actors is immaculate. Harris, in an intricate role, gives his best performance since *This Sporting Life*, and Connery proves that after years of James Bondage he is one of the screen's most underrated stars, an actor of tightly controlled power and technical accomplishment. But perhaps the greatest pleasure of *The Molly Maguires* is literary. Walter Bernstein's screenplay is a perfect model of the craft, some of the best



CONNERY & HARRIS IN "MOLLY MAGUIRES"
Anthracite in need of adrenaline.

movie writing in recent years. He has created two complex and difficult characters who emerge, in all their shadings, as two decidedly real people—or approximately 13 more real people than most other movies can offer.

The Void Between

"I would never make a film outside Italy," Federico Fellini said recently. "I would be an alien, unable to understand the subtle shadings of character and gesture. I would be like a tree uprooted, unhealthy out of its own soil." It is canny advice that should have been heeded by the maestro's peer and countryman, Michelangelo Antonioni, whose movies seem to deteriorate in direct proportion to the distance they are made from home.



FRECHETTE & HALPRIN IN "ZABRISKIE"
Archetypes out of their soil.

Blow-Up, that slick portrayal of swinging London, was pure frippery compared with such masterpieces as *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*. *Zabriskie Point*, his new film about America, lacks even the superficial vigor of *Blow-Up*. It is to be hoped that Antonioni never goes on location in Australia.

For an Antonioni film, *Zabriskie Point* is incredibly simple-minded and obvious. The scenario might have been written by a first-year student in film school. Antonioni's two protagonists are simply archetypal symbols of what Antonioni believes to be American youth. Mark (Mark Frechette) is a cool, angry college revolutionary who is "on a reality trip." Consequently, he rejects a marijuana joint offered him by Daria (Daria Halprin), a free-floating young Los Angeles secretary who prefers music to politics.

Mark, who seems to have shot a cop at a student strike, has stolen a small private plane and winged off to the California desert. Daria is taking a leisurely drive to Phoenix to meet her boss (Rod Taylor), who also seems to be her lover. These ambiguities remain unresolved and irrelevant; what matters is that boy and girl meet, love and copulate in the desert, accompanied by 35 couples (and two triples), who write in the gypsum in awful parodies of sexual ecstasy. "I always knew it would be like this," sighs a sated Mark as he and Daria gaze at postcoital desert vistas before going their separate ways. Each has profoundly affected the other, of course. Mark flies back to L.A. to return the plane. Daria, hearing on her car radio that Mark has been killed by the cops, soon envisages her boss/lover's house blowing into smithereens in a slow-motion ballet of destruction.

Child's Play. "We were talking," sing the Beatles, "about the space between us all," an anthem that might stand as a succinct statement of Antonioni's major obsession. But here, that space has become a void.

The imagery of the film is as obvious as the plot. When Mark is refused a free sandwich, Antonioni cuts to an oversize billboard advertising sandwich bread. Los Angeles, used as a metaphor for America, is portrayed largely in visual clichés: billboards, TV commercials, neon lights, gun stores, crowded freeways, shabby neighborhoods. The brief footage of riot and bloodshed seems child's play compared with *Medium Cool*, and the musical score—made up mostly of contemporary rock tunes—is so uncertainly used as to appear superimposed. The two newcomers who play the leading roles are, like the film itself, pretty but empty. To be sure, there are lots of beautiful shots of the desert, but it is chilling to think that Antonioni could achieve only pretty pictures and a rudimentary harangue about the American national character, which he does not even begin to understand. Located in Death Valley, *Zabriskie Point* is one of the lowest points in the U.S.; it occupies a similar position in Antonioni's career.

Somerville Hospital, School of Nursing, Somerville, Massachusetts.
Architect: Edward J. Tedesco Associates.
Engineer: Francis Associates.

The economies of electricity are changing America's heating habits.



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Architects: Carroll C. Currice and Paul B. Pavlovich.
Engineer: John F. Lawrence & Associates.



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Architect: Richard T. Hanna, A.I.A.
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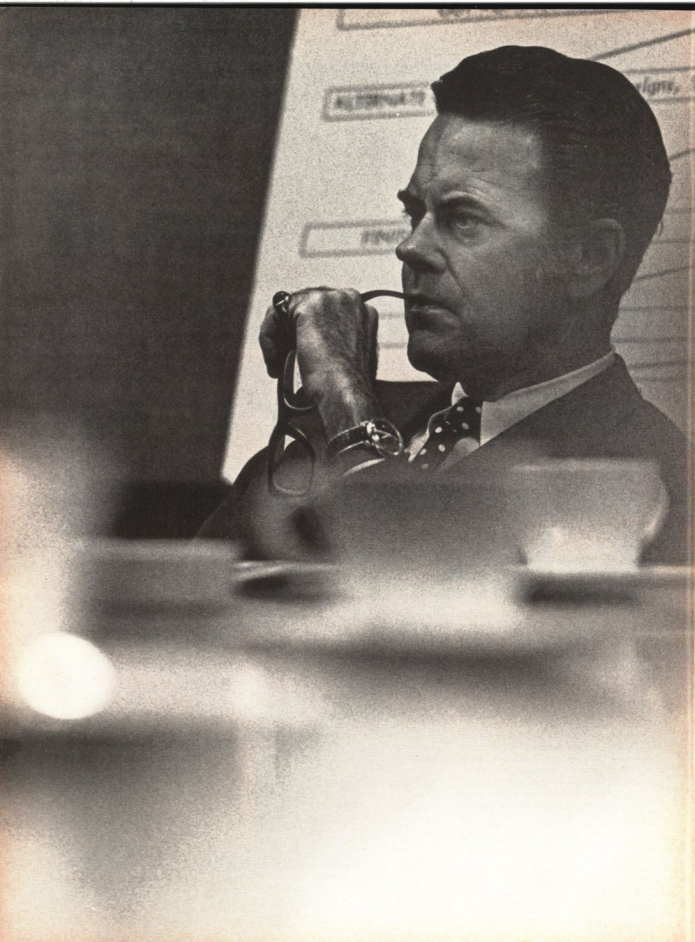
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BUSINESS

Autos: Shifting Down for the '70s

THE auto industry has traditionally prospered on what it likes to regard as a love affair between the American people and the car. Detroit sells its products not only as transportation but also as symbols of power, status or constantly renewable youth. But amid declining auto sales and a new public preoccupation with pollution, congestion and cost, some of the industry's leaders have concluded that the love affair has cooled. They believe that their market has changed, fundamentally and permanently. "I think the glamour of the automobile is decreasing," Henry Ford II told TIME Correspondent Peter Van-

smaller cars on the way to market. Called "subcompacts" for want of a better name, they are designed to compete directly in size and price with Volkswagens, Toyotas and Datsuns—just as the compacts were originally introduced in the 1950s to counter rising sales of imports. But while the compacts grew in size and power over the years, the automakers now are expected to pay Volkswagen something of a compliment of imitation by leaving their subcompacts basically the same in size and style from year to year. "New models every year and all this hoi-polloi about introductions and all

10 in. wider than a Volks and gives a stable, quiet and relatively comfortable ride—for the two front passengers. Like some other cars of less than standard size, the back seat is designed for small children only.

The Gremlin's six-cylinder, 128-h.p. standard-equipment engine (compared with Volkswagen's 57 h.p.) gives it rapid acceleration. It will get around 23 miles to the gallon, v. Volkswagen's 26. In the basic two-passenger model, the Gremlin will sell for around \$1,850. The list price just possibly may be brought down to \$1,838, or \$1 cheaper than a Beetle delivered in the Eastern



AMERICAN MOTORS' CHAPIN WITH GREMLIN

End of a love affair?



HENRY FORD II

derwicken. "People are looking at it now as a machine to get from place to place to do something else."

In recognition of the trend, some automakers have shifted the emphasis in their advertising away from the themes of youth or power and toward value (TIME, Feb. 9). More and more customers are switching to smaller, less costly cars. Though standard-sized cars are still the largest sellers, they have taken the greatest percentage losses in this year's tough market. By contrast, compacts have done by far the best, posting an impressive sales increase of 52% last month over January 1969. Imports have increased their share of the market from 11% last year to 14%. The combination of these mostly utilitarian cars and the compacts now accounts for nearly one-third of all autos sold in the U.S.

Today, all four automakers have still

that are becoming passé," says Henry Ford. "Planned obsolescence is out the window."

Sawed-Off Station Wagon. Last week American Motors showed off the first subcompact, the Gremlin.* It was, said A.M.C. President William Luneberg, purposely designed to be "a contentious car, and nobody will be neutral about it." That may well be true. On the outside the Gremlin resembles a sawed-off station wagon, with a long, low hood and swept-up rear, and is faintly reminiscent of the original Studebaker Avanti. Though the Gremlin is only two inches longer than the 159-in. Volkswagen, the elongated hood makes the difference seem considerably more. It is

* Defined by Webster's as "a small gnome held to be responsible for malfunction of equipment." American Motors' definition: "a pal to its friends and an ogre to its enemies."

U.S. The four-passenger model, with popular options like a radio and automatic transmission, will run to more than \$2,000.

The Gremlin will go on sale April 1 and will have the market to itself until around September, when competition will arrive in the form of General Motors' entry, unofficially called the GMini (pronounced either Jimini or Gee-mini). The G.M. subcompact will retail at around \$1,900 in its basic model, will be lighter than the Gremlin—around 1,800 lbs. to the Gremlin's 2,600 lbs.—and have a smaller engine, producing approximately 100 h.p. The GMini is said to get 30 miles per gallon with manual transmission, and will have a swing-up rear end that will enable the four-seater to double as a station wagon. To produce it, General Motors is building a highly automated \$150 million plant at Lordstown, Ohio.

Ford's subcompact, also scheduled for September, will be called either the Pony or Colt. It is a two-door fastback sedan with curving sides, an 86-h.p. engine and a price tag of under \$1,900. Chrysler will be last in the subcompact field. Its entry, now code-named "25," is due to be introduced in 1971 and has so far been kept under close wraps.

Game Plan. The Gremlin appears to be the most original of the subcompacts in sight so far. Drawings show that the Ford and G.M. models will look basically like cut-down U.S. cars. American Motors, says Gerald C. Meyers, the company's vice president for product development, judged that "G.M. and Ford would be trying to mimic the imports. Our whole game plan was to do something that recognizes the virtues of the imports but fixes their faults." Surveys showed American Motors that buyers liked imported cars for their size, economy, reliability and fun-to-drive handling. They disliked the lack of power, sensitivity to side winds, oversteering, poor ventilation, noise and lack of space. To add stability, A.M.C. made the Gremlin heavier than the average import, with a weighty rear end that should minimize oversteering. It was also designed for easy servicing and inexpensive replacement of damaged parts. The grille is made of molded plastic, which yields slightly on impact and then snaps back into shape. If smashed, it can be replaced for probably less than \$20. The dashboard is secured by only five screws and can be removed for repairing electrical wiring.

The Gremlin was also economical to design. Last fall American Motors introduced the compact (and now fast-selling) Hornet, which was built with the Gremlin in mind. The company designed the two cars with many identical parts, and thus was able to save on tools and dies. Tooling costs for the Gremlin were only a small fraction of the \$30 million that American spent on the Hornet. If the Gremlin proves to be a disappointment, the manufacturer stands to lose relatively little. Next fall A.M.C. will introduce still another car, and it, too, will use the same tooling and many of the same basic components. These products are steps in American's plan to bring out a car every six months and have a completely new line by 1972.

U.S. automakers generally anticipate that their market in the early 1970s will amount to about 10 million cars a year. American Motors' Chairman Roy Chapin expects that sales of imports over the next several years will decline from the 1,000,000 of 1969 to about 750,000, and that the market for subcompacts will climb to some 800,000. "The emphasis on smaller cars," says Chapin, "will come from all directions—traffic congestion, rising costs, multiple-car families. Our products, we believe, are right on target." Now the whole industry is zeroing in on that target.

Getting the Lead Out

The rise of the subcompacts is not the only remarkable change overtaking Detroit. In the early 1970s, the automakers probably will have to hold down the power of their high-performance cars as one result of new federal pollution requirements. If so, the "muscle" cars like the Mustang Mach 1 and the Buick Grand Sport 455 will no longer have the kick that enables youngsters to roar away from the stop lights, tires smoking and exhaust pipes blasting. Big engines on luxury cars probably will be somewhat less powerful. The current high-powered cars are likely to have lower-compression engines designed to burn the unleaded gasoline of the future.

Taking the lead out of gasoline appears to be a necessary step in cutting down air pollution caused by automobile exhaust fumes. Though not one of the major air pollutants itself, lead befalls most present-day antipollution devices. President Nixon, in his message to Congress last week (see ENVIRONMENT), proposed strict new Government standards to eliminate virtually all auto-caused pollution by 1975. Detroit could accomplish this by replacing the internal-combustion engine with hybrid cars that combine a small gas engine and an electric motor, or engines that run entirely on electricity, steam or even natural gas. G.M. has an XP-883 test model that can use gasoline, electric or hybrid systems. While some of these cars may hold long-term promise, each is said to be too costly or impractical for the here and now.

Instead of switching engines, Detroit intends to make extensive changes in existing ones by building in antipollution devices. These could raise the price of the average new car by 10% or more—but that is not the most immediate problem. The key antipollution device is the "catalytic converter" that burns up hydrocarbons in the exhaust. The trouble is that the converter is eventually gummed up and rendered useless by the tetraethyl lead in present-day gasolines.



EXPERIMENTAL GAS-ELECTRIC HYBRID
Switch in the engine.

Lead has been an increasingly significant additive to gasoline ever since Detroit began its horsepower race in the 1950s. The more and more powerful engines required gasolines with higher octane ratings, which is a measure of antiknock properties. The cheapest way of raising octane is to add lead in the refining process. If lead is removed, 100-octane premium gasoline will decline to an octane rating of about 94, the level of regular gasoline. Only one gasoline, Amoco, is marketed in unleaded premium octanes, and that is sold only in the eastern U.S.

Dual-Purpose Engines. For Detroit's automakers, the ideal solution would be for oil companies to produce unleaded gasoline at present high-octane ratings. That would require the oilmen to build many new refineries, which would cost their industry about \$4 billion, according to the American Petroleum Institute. That cost would be passed on to the consumer in higher gas prices—perhaps 2¢ per gal.—atop the extra cost of pollution-control devices on the car. By contrast, unleaded gasoline at lower octane ratings can be produced with relatively little change-over or cost by the oil companies, and with no price penalty. With all this taken into consideration many experts feel that the most economic and safest solution is to lower the compression and horsepower of the cars.

Ford and General Motors have al-



G.M.'S XP-883
Soft on the muscle.

ready publicly agreed to do so. Last week G.M. announced that it will lower the compression ratio on most of next year's cars, enabling them to operate on unleaded gasoline of a relatively low octane rating. In a letter to 19 oil companies, Henry Ford II declared last month: "Just as soon as we are assured that an adequate supply will be available, we will build our new cars with modified power systems so that they can operate effectively with regular-grade fuel." So far, most of the largest oil companies have replied, largely to the effect that they will provide the gasoline as soon as they are assured that there are engines on the road to use it.

If and when the muscle-car market withers away, Ford and G.M. will have

WALL STREET Squeezing the Small Investor

Hurt by a severe decline in profits, Wall Street brokers plan to squeeze more money in commissions from their small customers, while giving greater discounts to big stock traders. The New York Stock Exchange last week voted to raise commission rates on transactions of 200 shares or less and cut them on all larger trades. For example, commissions on a 100-share order would go up 68%, while a 1,000-share trade would cost 37% less than it does now. The overall effect would be to raise brokerage charges an average 10%. The proposal was forwarded to the Securities and Exchange Commission,

the firm's Board Chairman James Thomson: "We would support a moderate increase in rates provided that it is not solely at the expense of the small investor." Thomson believes, as do officials of other well-managed firms, that Wall Street's trouble is primarily the result of inefficiency in some brokerage operations—and not inadequate commissions. William Donaldson, president of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, is sharply critical of the discriminatory way in which commissions would be changed. "To propose a cut on large trades while at the same time increasing commissions on the small investor," he says, "is totally unrealistic and indefensible."

The SEC is not at all sure that higher commission income would really be used to alleviate the snarl of paper and general disorder in the back offices of many brokerage houses. There is a feeling in the SEC that brokerage houses in recent years have advertised for business from small investors without gearing up to handle them. The regulators question whether the small investor should subsidize such inefficiency in a fixed-price industry. The situation is bound to make small investors wonder whether the Justice Department may not be right in arguing that fixed commission rates ought to be eliminated.

Painful Recession. The new rates are designed as an antidote for the painful recession that Wall Street slipped into in 1969 while it was enjoying its second biggest trading year in history. Even Merrill Lynch's profits dropped 41%. Bache & Co., the second largest U.S. brokerage house, suffered a \$7 million operating loss for the nine months ended Oct. 31. I. Du Pont, the third biggest firm, had a \$7.7 million operating loss in 1969. Some firms have gone out of business, and others have had to withdraw from the stock exchange in order to merge with companies outside the securities business. Gregory & Sons closed its doors abruptly last October. Schwabacher found refuge with Blair & Co.

What many brokerages need now is not just an immediate boost in income but a fresh infusion of long-term capital in order to finance automation. To get it, a number of leading brokers would like to sell shares in their own firms to the public. Until last year the Big Board was still wedded to the gentlemen's-club philosophy of opposing moves to raise capital from outside. Tradition was challenged last year by Donaldson, Lufkin—a ten-year-old, highly successful firm that has specialized until now in advising institutional investors. Its three founders—Donaldson, Dan Lufkin and Richard Jenrette—announced a plan to sell their shares to the public. After fretting over the question for months, the stock exchange's board of governors approved public ownership for its firms in principle and last week followed through by agreeing to let its membership vote on the proposal.



DONALDSON, LUFKIN & JENRETTE
Challenge for the club.

to do little retooling beyond adding the antipollution devices. Most of the two companies' engines are "dual-purpose"—that is, their high-performance cars are powered by souped-up versions of the family car engine that uses regular gasoline. With a few changes, the high-performance engine can be modified to run on lead-free gas. But Chrysler, alone of the big three, maintains that "an engine tailored for low-octane, lead-free fuel would result in both performance and economy losses below what can be expected from today's vehicles."

Chrysler's concern is understandable. Some of its most powerful engines have compression ratios so high that they cannot be adapted to lower-octane gasoline, and all but its three smaller engines could no longer be used. If the switch to lead-free gasoline is made, Chrysler will not be the biggest loser. Times might well be tougher for the Ethyl Corp., the largest producer of lead additives. Last week its stock sank to a low of 15, down from its 1968 high of 36½.

which has the power to object—and may very well do so.

Flak from Washington. The proposed commissions are highly controversial and have already caused considerable infighting among brokers. The stock exchange based its recommendations on an analysis of how much it costs to put through a given order. It found commissions on large trades too high and on smaller orders not high enough. Opponents of the rise in rates for the small investors fear that it would lead more and more of them to shift away from doing business with brokers and to patronize mutual funds. On the other side, many brokers argue that they lose money on small investors and have no incentive to serve them well. The minimum commission set by the exchange at present is \$6 on a trade. Francis I. du Pont has boosted that to \$15 and Eastman Dillon to \$20.

Merrill Lynch, which has become the nation's biggest broker largely by wooing small accounts, is unenthusiastic about the stock exchange plan. Says

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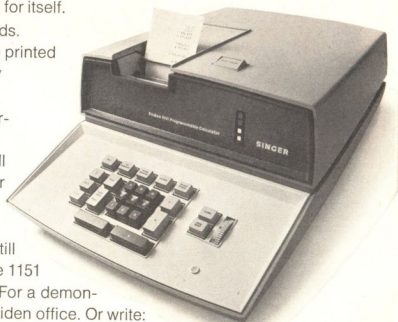
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ADVERTISING

The Little Agency That Could

For Keye, Donna & Pearlstein, an ad agency that consists of three partners and one secretary operating out of a rundown Los Angeles hotel, nothing succeeds like public service. In 1968, the chiefs of the then fledgling agency produced, without fee, some highly effective regional ads for Richard Nixon's presidential campaign and made some fast friends in the future Administration. Now the firm, which has billings of only \$1,500,000, has in one large leap taken over the Peace Corps account, replacing giant Young & Rubicam. The account pays nothing, apart from roughly \$150,000 a year from the corps to cover ad-production costs, but it could give the little agency valuable exposure in major media.

Peace Corps advertising is part of a public service program coordinated by the Advertising Council Inc., to which agencies volunteer their services and media donate space and time. It is usually left to the council to recruit agencies for accounts it considers "major." When Peace Corps officials, on their own, dropped Y. & R. for Keye, Donna & Pearlstein, council members observed that the new agency was too small for an account that had been given \$25 million worth of media placements. The council thereupon shrank Keye, Donna & Pearlstein's new plum by reducing Peace Corps advertising from "major" to "bulletin" status, on grounds that the council had higher-priority campaigns to handle. This action meant that the account was no longer eligible for space or time from the council's pool and that the agency would have to scratch out free media placements on its own. The agency's pres-

J. R. STEVENS



PAUL KEYE

From "major" to "bulletin."

ident, Paul Keye, 40, a political veteran who once was an adviser to New York Senator Jacob Javits, remains enthusiastic about the project.

At the direction of Peace Corps officials, Keye and his partners, Art Director Mario Donna and Media Specialist Len Pearlstein, are at work on a new campaign aimed less at college idealists and more at mature craftsmen. (The corps has no age limit.) "The need now is to attract middle-class working America," says Keye. Accordingly, one ad in the agency's proposed new campaign proclaims, "The Peace Corps is looking for people who can speak two languages—American and plumbing." Another ad, aimed at Negro newspapers, says, "If the Peace Corps is lily white, it's your fault."

CORPORATIONS

Tangle in Tapes

A company that grabs early sales leadership for a highly popular new product usually finds that the battle has only begun. The harder part of the fight is to stay on top after competitors swarm into the market, as they almost inevitably do. This lesson is hitting home at Ampex Corp., which helped make stereo tape recordings one of the outstanding sales successes of the late 1960s.

Ampex, based in Redwood City, Calif., first won supremacy in the market by the ancient strategy of being first with the most. When stereo tape cartridges and portable players appeared in 1965, most recording companies were reluctant to make the large investment needed to produce tapes for cartridges. Ampex officials correctly figured that consumers, particularly among the young, would spend heavily for the opportunity to listen to 80 minutes or so of uninterrupted stereo music of their choice in cars, on the beach, or anywhere that they might travel. The company contracted to reproduce on tape the music of scores of recording companies and began mass marketing.

Ampex quickly won the largest share—as much as 40%—of a market that last year had estimated retail sales of \$400 million. Tapes account for 25% of the sales of the entire recorded-music business, up from 3% or 4% in 1966. Though the sound of new disk records is generally thought to be better, the quality of tapes tends to last much longer because they use no needles. The recorded tapes have become the fastest-growing segment of Ampex's domestic business. In eight years under President William Roberts, the company's sales have climbed from \$84 million to \$296 million and its profits from \$3.8 million to \$13.7 million.

Mod Counterattack. Now Ampex is paying the price of success. Its example has stimulated some of its music suppliers to become competitors, drop their contracts with Ampex, and begin making tapes themselves. Their activity adds to already vigorous competition from



SHOPPING FOR RECORDINGS IN CHICAGO
Staying on top of success.

RCA, Columbia, Capitol and such relatively new companies as General Recorded Tape and International Tape Cartridge. Ampex officials concede that their market share has recently dropped to about 35%—some rivals put it closer to 30%—and is likely to shrink further, perhaps to 25%. Though they think that such a share would be enough to keep sales rising because of anticipated market growth, they are not complacent about the prospect.

The Ampex counterattack is led by Donald V. Hall, 33, vice president of the Chicago-based tape division. He is a mod executive who favors Edwardian suits and splashy ties, partly, he says, as an example to older Ampex executives, whom he is trying to persuade to think "pop." He also has come to admire the music that the young favor, and that helps him in negotiating with some recording stars. "These kids on records are saying something," he explains. "If you are an adult, and you shut them off, then you are not hearing what's going on."

Bagging a Speckled Bird. Hall has signed up some 36 independent record producers to replace the companies that have dropped Ampex contracts. More important, Ampex has established its own record-making division, partly to assure itself of a future supply of music. It has recruited The Great Speckled Bird, The American Dream and other singing groups to perform on tape.

Even if these efforts fail to stop Ampex's market from winding down, the company has many other prospects for growth. It also makes equipment for radio and TV stations, satellite-tracking stations and computer systems, and produces information-retrieval systems. Ampex has an impressive record of seeing and exploiting the potential of the new technologies. Every year since 1962, two-thirds of its sales have come from products less than five years old.

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MIDDLE EAST

Israel's Bet on Oil

The drifting sands of the Sinai Peninsula had not yet settled over the wreckage of Arab war machines in 1967 when Israel and Egypt became locked in another fevered contest. Since the Suez Canal was closed indefinitely by the Six-Day War, forcing oil tankers to make the long and costly journey around the Cape of Good Hope, both countries hastily revived plans to build pipelines. These lines were intended to transmit Middle East oil more quickly and cheaply to the Mediterranean for shipment to Europe and the Western Hemisphere. Last week Egypt's plans were still on the drawing board, but oil was flowing through the Israelis' underground pipeline, which stretches 159

miles from the Port of Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba to Ashkelon on the Mediterranean. The line was built by Mekorot, Israel's water-development company, which set a round-the-clock working schedule. The mammoth earth-moving equipment gouged great ditches across the harsh route, while 180 metalworkers, a third of them American, worked in 104° heat. In the rush to finish, welders were offered \$10 extra for each weld that they made over 60 during a single shift; some of the men earned \$3,000 a month, plus expenses and amenities. Even ice-making machinery was carted along to meet the parched Americans' demands for ice water.

The project was completed last December, and the first load of crude oil was unloaded at Eilat from the Israeli tanker *Nivi* early this month. The line

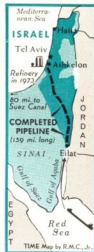
and then be reloaded aboard vessels in the Mediterranean. The Egyptians, though late to finish, may have less trouble than the Israelis in finding pipeline customers. About 75% of the oil now produced in the Middle East comes from Arab countries, which would certainly give Egypt preference.

Still, outwardly optimistic Israeli officials claim that they have already lined up enough customers to start thinking about expanding the line's capacity. Some oil from Egyptian-developed fields in the Western Sinai, which was taken by Israel in the 1967 war, may be funneled into the pipeline. Test drilling is planned for the Negev Desert this year, and an offshore oil rig is now on its way to the Gulf of Suez to begin exploratory operations. A subsidiary of Denver's King Resources Co. surveyed

DANIEL ROSENBLUM—STARPHOTO



CONSTRUCTING PIPELINE IN THE DESERT
For income and influence.



miles from the Port of Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba to Ashkelon on the Mediterranean.

The Israelis clearly are gambling that they will get enough business from oil shippers to make the line pay off. A tantalizing question is the source of the oil now streaming through Israel's line. In the best tradition of Middle Eastern intrigue, Israel refuses to disclose the names of the oil companies using its pipeline, apparently believing that this would subject them to intensified Arab threats. The only major non-Arab producer in the area so far is Iran, and some of its oil might trickle into the Israeli pipeline. But major drillers of Iranian oil—British Petroleum, Shell, Gulf, Jersey Standard—also operate in Arab countries and are not likely to risk their concessions by openly doing business with Israel. The Israelis, however, are obviously getting oil from somewhere.

The 42-in. "sausage," as Israeli officials

call the pipeline, is their country's largest single construction job. The line was built by Mekorot, Israel's water-development company, which set a round-the-clock working schedule. The mammoth earth-moving equipment gouged great ditches across the harsh route, while 180 metalworkers, a third of them American, worked in 104° heat. In the rush to finish, welders were offered \$10 extra for each weld that they made over 60 during a single shift; some of the men earned \$3,000 a month, plus expenses and amenities. Even ice-making machinery was carted along to meet the parched Americans' demands for ice water.

The project was completed last December, and the first load of crude oil was unloaded at Eilat from the Israeli tanker *Nivi* early this month. The line cost \$67 million and can presently convey 133 million bbl. of oil a year. By the addition of more pumping stations, the capacity of the government-owned line could be raised by 1975 to 420 million bbl. That would be just about enough to fill the needs of a country the size of Italy.

Search for Customers. By contrast, construction of Egypt's 42-in. pipeline, which will extend 207 miles from a point south of Suez to Alexandria, has been long delayed. Building is now scheduled to begin next October. The line is also expected to have an eventual capacity of 420 million bbl. a year. If and when the Suez Canal is reopened, Egyptian officials have elaborate plans for widening and deepening it. Even with that, it might not accommodate fully laden supertankers of more than 200,000 tons. Egypt expects oil from the larger tankers to be drained into its pipeline at the Gulf of Suez

the Sinai for Israel, and company officials reported recently that the area has enormous potential for oil.

The new line will also contribute to the nascent petrochemical industry centered in Haifa. To capitalize on the increased flow of crude oil, Israel is also building a big refinery at Ashkelon to supplement one operating in Haifa; together these facilities will give Israel one of the largest refining capacities in the Middle East. Even after taking care of its own growing needs, Israel expects, by 1973, to export more than 14 million bbl. of refined products yearly, bringing in considerable amounts of foreign currency. Underlying all this activity is Israel's worried awareness that the Arabs' political influence in the West is based largely on oil. "With a major oil facility," says one Israeli pipeline executive, "the Western powers will think twice before they let Israel go down the drain."

BOOKS

Malcolm X: History as Hope

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X, with the assistance of Alex Haley. 460 pages. Grove, \$1.25 (paperback).

THE SPEECHES OF MALCOLM X AT HARVARD, edited by Archie Epps. 191 pages. Morrow, \$1.95 (paperback).

MALCOLM X, THE MAN AND HIS TIMES, edited by John Henrik Clarke. 360 pages. Macmillan, \$7.95.

He was assassinated five years ago this week. Since then, assorted parks, streets and ghetto playgrounds have been named after him. His bespectacled face, ballooned to twice life-size, gazes owlishly from the walls of innumerable schools and youth clubs. Though he is sometimes described as an apostate and a monster, these days he is more often invoked, especially by young whites and blacks, as a martyr in the cause of brotherhood, and even a kind of saint.

To whites, the apotheosis at first seems unsettling. Many Americans recall Malcolm X only as a bad guy, known mainly for preaching racism. Is the continuing Malcolm X cult just one more outrageous byproduct of the rage and rhetoric that afflict race politics and U.S. culture in general? The answer is, no. And the best way of learning why is to examine yet another post-Malcolm X phenomenon, the spate of books by or about the former Black Muslim leader that have made him a minor industry in the publishing business.

Savage Skepticism. Some of the best are listed above. *The Autobiography* is his will and testament. The speeches and *The Man and His Times*, a gathering of recollections by people who knew Malcolm X, add subtlety and substance to it. Read in retrospect, they reveal Malcolm X as the most fascinating, convincing and, in some ways, the most measured speaker and thinker that the black militant movement has yet produced.

His incitements to revolution drew a disproportionate amount of attention during his lifetime. But the angry and occasionally outrageous things that he said seemed wilder than they do today. Malcolm X's characteristic tone was not flailing rage. It was a kind of savage, pragmatic skepticism about American liberal institutions and a sense that in the U.S., whites, collectively and historically, have been and still are a disaster for blacks. He refused to be grateful for empty favors. "I'm not going to sit at your table," he once said, "and watch you eat, with nothing on my plate, and call myself a diner." In retrospect, what seems most remarkable was the range of his intellectual change and growth. The final phase of that growth—marked by his separation from the Black Muslim movement and the founding of the Organization of Afro-American Unity—had only begun when he was shot down. Yet his last plan to

start working with all civil rights and human rights groups in the U.S. shows how far beyond raw appeals to violence and references to "blue-eyed white devils" Malcolm X actually went.

Though he changed his views, he absolutely refused ever to believe that substantial change in black conditions would come about through turning the other cheek. Or through integration. Or through anything short of a relentless effort by black people themselves to take political power in their own communities, to work their own social revolution and to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. His prolonged misgivings about the possibilities of real integration in the U.S. still seem convincing. The *Autobiography* illustrates how well-equipped X was to be successfully folded into the white man's world. One is explicitly left with the feeling that if he found integration a fraud, it was one. "You can sometimes be 'with' whites," Malcolm X concluded, "but never 'of' them." His early life was blighted by the murder of his father and poverty that eventually forced his mother to yield her children to welfare workers in Lansing, Mich., and drove her to a mental institution. Still, young Malcolm, tall, light-complexioned and smart, was elected president of his all-white junior high school class, and became a star basketball player.

His autobiography is excruciating when he recalls going to dances in the 1930s, learning to sip punch and stand around as if he did not want to dance. The devastating need of blacks to restore pride in their color and race still

flames forth in Malcolm X's comment on the tragic folly of doting black parents on those favored whichever child in the family was the palest. When, at age 14, Malcolm was told—like many other gifted blacks—that he should think of carpentry instead of law, he turned his back on the whole white world.

Dramatic Conversion. First in Boston, then in New York as a teen-ager in the early 1940s, he donned a zoot suit and painfully "conked" his hair. He graduated from show-stopping Lindy Hopper to pimp to taker and pusher of marijuana and dope. Malcolm X's scorn for authority, black or white, 30 years ago, presents remarkable parallels to youthful attitudes today. It was not merely that everyone he knew used marijuana and bitterly resented the white cops who tried to deprive them of it. They also regarded World War II as a white establishment disaster, like Viet Nam, to be avoided at all costs.

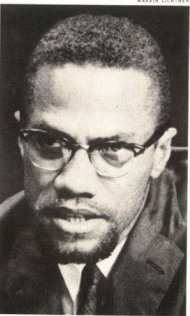
At 19, Malcolm X became a successful burglar who used two white middle-class girls as advance scouts. In 1946 he was caught and sentenced to ten years in jail. It was there, in a dramatic conversion, that he reformed his life, began copying the dictionary to improve his reading and writing, and became a disciple of Black Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad.

Malcolm X worked twelve tireless years for the Black Muslims. It would take great cynicism to doubt that he passionately believed in and practiced what he preached—monogamy, abstinence from drugs, extramarital sex and drink, ceaseless work for the black community. But the mythology, the religion, the re-examination of history that buttressed the Black Muslim resolve, may still strain the credulity of new readers—even as they troubled a number of white and black men who otherwise admired Malcolm X during his life.

Today whites may still disagree with, but nevertheless understand more easily than five years ago, the Muslim's somewhat Nietzschean contention that Christianity was a white man's device that unmanned blacks by forcing them to worship a white God and taught them to be patient with any ignominy. One can disagree with but nevertheless understand the need to modify African history so that, for example, slavery appears as a unique white invention.

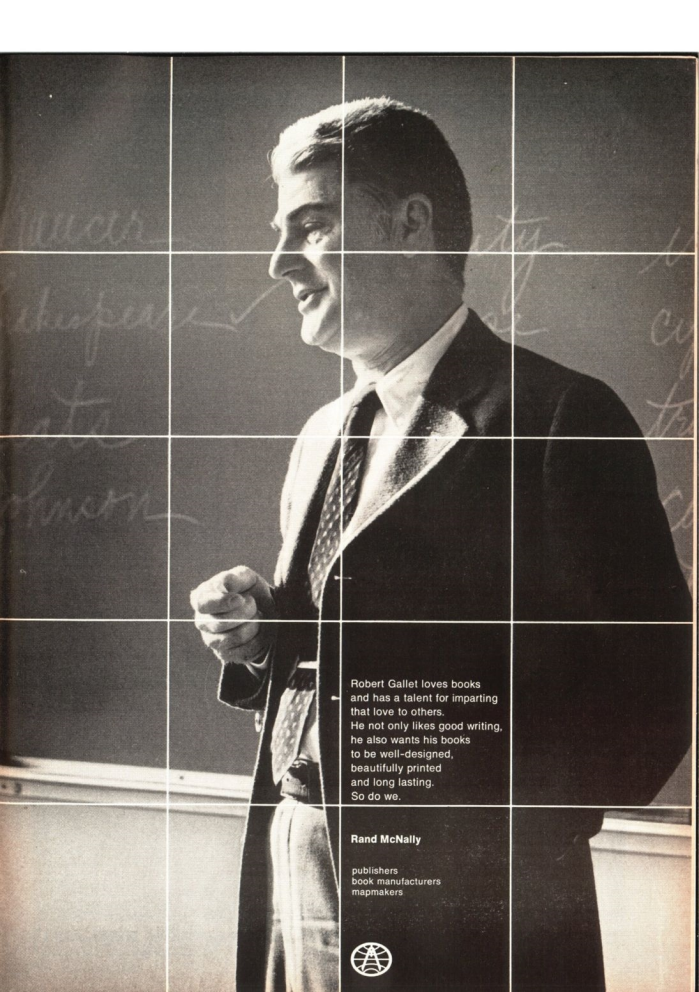
But what is one to make of such a personage as the prophet, W. D. Fard? According to Black Muslim dogma, Fard came from Allah to Elijah Muhammad in Detroit in the year 1931. He soon mysteriously disappeared, but only after he had explained that the white race was a cruel joke played on the black world by a satanic black named Mr. Yacub. After generations of breeding blacks for light skin on the Island of Patmos, Yacub succeeded in creating the fiendish white race, which was eventually turned loose in the desolate wastes of prehistoric Europe.

The rest, Black Muslims preached,



MALCOLM X IN 1964

More than promises and paper shuffling.



Robert Gallet loves books
and has a talent for imparting
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beautifully printed
and long lasting.
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of Carlton
has less "tar"
than three packs
of the largest
selling
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*4.5 MG vs 20.9 MG PER CIGARETTE
Source latest U.S. Government figures.

is history: commerce, capitalism, expansion, colonialism, slavery. That cycle, they (and Fard) consolingly insisted, would soon come to an end. The black world, overcoming the white demons, would restore civilization to its pre-white peace and harmony. In a fond and perceptive preface to the autobiography, New York Times Correspondent M. S. Handler, who admired Malcolm X, called this kind of thing "sheer absurdity." Hostile critics have assumed that Malcolm X either didn't believe it, or if he did he was slightly cracked.

To take so literal a view is to miss one overwhelming characteristic of Malcolm X's thought, his integration of history, religion and mythology, and his profound and necessary sense of history's possibilities as a man-created aid to faith and policy. Browbeaten by the delusions of science and scholarship, white society has lately and perhaps foolishly begun to discard such conceptions. But it takes shortness of memory or lack of imagination or both not to see that W. D. Fard's cyclical vision is hardly more farfetched than the mythology of Marxism, which also explains past horrors, justifies present conflict and assumes that the story will end in peaceful victory—when the state shall wither away. The millennial curve of Christianity from the Old Testament Genesis to a vaguely predicted Judgment Day offers similar encouragements.

Human Rights. When Malcolm X broke with the Black Muslim movement in 1964 and then made his famous voyage to Mecca, he simply broadened his concept of history to include the real world of Islam with its possibilities of world brotherhood. Then he was shot.

As a man and a personality, Malcolm X seems likely to endure in literature as the subject of a classic American autobiography. The book has already sold 1.2 million copies and is used in schools and colleges all over the U.S. As a practical ideology of black revolution and human rights, he has already been outstripped by events. The much harried Black Panthers, often the victims of their own inflammatory language, are trying to carry out a program of education, self-defense and a self-help that in some ways resembles Malcolm X's final program. Their thought, however, is tinged with a Marxian notion of solidarity, not merely of race but of economic oppression.

Perhaps Malcolm X's most enduring legacy to black militancy was his lynx-eyed criticism of the hand-wringing but hapless efforts made by black and white liberals to wrest from the machinery of American democracy anything more than promises and paper shuffling. Extremist in many ways, Malcolm X was most effectively extreme in sheer impatience. In his view, as one of his "blue-eyed" fellow citizens once remarked in another connection, "Extremism in the cause of justice is no vice."

**North and South,
East and West,
Young and Old,
Rich and Poor,
Jew and Gentile,
Black and White and Brown
and Yellow and Red,
This town, this city,
this state, this country
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CESAR CHAVEZ

Shadowed by a shelf of martyrs.

Suffering for Others

SAL SI PUEDES by Peter Matthiessen. 372 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

Every modern saint can be seen as a more than worthy character in search of a more than worthy author. In Peter Matthiessen, Mexican-American leader Cesar Chavez would seem to have found the perfect biographer. As a novelist (*At Play in the Fields of the Lord*), Matthiessen has a proven taste for mystics, especially from Latin America. As a naturalist (*Wildlife in America*), he has shown true indignation at the greedy exploitation of man and nature. Small wonder that in this book he begins by investing Chavez's selfless fight against the California grape growers with vast moral significance. The title means "escape if you can." And Matthiessen sees Chavez, not merely as a dedicated labor organizer but as a moral reformer and salvationist, holding up a warning sign to a whole assembly-line culture. It reads: MAN MUST COME FIRST.

So far, so good. But in doing this, Matthiessen ends by transforming his book into an elaborate parable of soul-and-soil survival. The result, alas, is a peculiarly frustrating failure of excellence. The richness of Matthiessen's qualifications and subject have worked against him. In his attempt to do justice to all the possibilities of his theme, he has turned himself into an author wearing too many hats.

Besides Moralist Matthiessen, there is Labor Historian Matthiessen, sketching in the miserable background of the migrant farm worker. Ethnic Historian Matthiessen scrambles to provide a brief study of *Chicanos* (Mexican Americans) practically back to the time of the conquistadors. On the scene in the summer of 1968, Reporter Matthiessen gets down the local color, checks out some picket lines, balances his story by interviewing some of the biggest growers, and even

manages to quiz a few bystanders. What does the waitress at the local dairy freeze think of it all? No comment.

But after all this, Biographer Matthiessen is still left with the biggest puzzle of all: Who is Cesar Chavez? Here is where Matthiessen might have rescued. Here is where he finally loses.

He cautiously humanizes Chavez as a man with a weakness for Diet-Rite Cola who cannot spare enough time from the cause for his wife and eight children. But that's about it. Clues to Chavez's character and motivation lie scattered all through the book. Perhaps the most provocative is the "martyr's shelf" behind his desk at the headquarters of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, which includes photographs of Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy, as well as busts of John Kennedy and Lincoln.

Conspicuous Poverty. The motif of purification and self-sacrifice runs through Chavez's life beyond any possible requirements of political strategy. He turns down all personal awards. He keeps himself in conspicuous poverty. He has given up smoking and drinking. Even when he designs buildings for his organization, they take on the look of the old Franciscan missions he loves.

Matthiessen never puts these clues together into a satisfactory portrait. He reports that Robert Kennedy remarked, "What do you say to a guy who's on a fast?" when Chavez was coming to the end of a 25-day fast. Matthiessen shows the same mixture of awe and bewilderment. He is willing to sum up the fast simply as a "commitment to nonviolence everywhere," just as he accepts without examination Chavez's definition of the "ultimate act of manliness" as self-sacrifice. "To be a man," Chavez once said, "is to suffer for others."

To probe such mysteries and speculate on them is to run risks. One may fall into glib analysis. One may stumble across a mildly disenchanting insight. Matthiessen chooses not to run either risk. That rare happiness of biographers has befallen him—he has found a hero. Heroes are hard to come by these days, and he handles him like glass. Author's good luck is bad luck for the reader, and perhaps for Chavez. For Matthiessen preserves the hero at the expense of the man.

Pieces of Eightball

WESTWARD TO LAUGHTER by Colin MacInnes. 237 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Aye, Colin MacInnes. Yon's what comes of reading too many 18th century novels. The daft lad's gone and written one himself.

Can this be the MacInnes who stocked his trilogy, *The London Novels*, with the very latest bulletins on the young, the black and the disenfranchised? Well, yes and no—and there's the problem.

At one level, MacInnes is still knowledgeably documenting his casebook on

people-exploiting-people. For beneath the mock-replica *Tom Jones* style, *Westward to Laughter* is a kind of quick history of the slave trade—a flashback, so to speak, from MacInnes' novel of black London, *City of Spades*. Shooting his imitation-lace cuffs and pointing angrily from today's ghetto back to the West Indies of the 1750s, MacInnes says, in effect: here's where it all started.

For this basically serious exercise in parody, MacInnes adopts the young narrator-adventurer common to 18th century fiction. He is one Alexander Nairn, a pushy Scots lad but a bit of a Presbyterian prig. Alexander ships from Liverpool on a slaver carrying blacks from Africa on the final leg of their journey to West Indian sugar plantations.

Alexander's wide-eyed but not very sensitive view provides a short cram course on the ways men have discovered to dehumanize themselves. For a start, MacInnes and young Alexander rub the reader's nose in the flog-grog-and-vomit life of the British seaman.

Then it's time to jump ship and really get down to the business of degradation. By a simple plot twist, Alexander himself is made a plantation slave. Nor in his guided tour of slavery does MacInnes neglect the white variety. Ex-Slave Alexander, on the run, finds refuge in a Caribbean brothel called *Sans Regrets*. Shades of *Moll Flanders*.

MacInnes further hots up his tale with pirates, witches and a plantation owner's daughter—an 18th century Lolita, the young bitch-heroine to end all bitch-heroines. But like painted scenery, MacInnes' skillfully assumed style devalues what it copies. It inhibits *Westward to Laughter* as Rattling Good Yarn while blunting it as Savage Satire.

Literary parody is a game of billiards, and MacInnes has gambled on one carom too many.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (1 last week)
2. The Godfather, Puzo (2)
3. The House on the Strand, du Maurier (3)
4. The Inheritors, Robbins (4)
5. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (5)
6. Travels with My Aunt, Greene
7. Fire from Heaven, Renault (6)
8. Puppet on a Chain, MacLean (8)
9. In This House of Brede, Golden (9)
10. The Shivering Sands, Holt (7)

NONFICTION

1. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (1)
2. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (2)
3. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (4)
4. Present at the Creation, Acheson (3)
5. The American Heritage Dictionary (7)
6. The Collapse of the Third Republic, Shirer (6)
7. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull (5)
8. The Human Zoo, Morris
9. Prime Time, Kendrick
10. In Someone's Shadow, McKuen (10)

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Work on things to make your car last longer. Like giving it 45 pounds of paint to protect its top and a full-length steel bottom to protect its bottom.

Important: Make sure you can service

any year car you make. There's nothing worse than having someone find out that a part they need to make their car go is no longer available.

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